

Children's Newspaper, October 11, 1930

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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OCTOBER 11, 1930

EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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A DOCTOR AND HIS BROTHER

See
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AN OLD SEA-CHEST IS IT CAPTAIN COOK'S?

Interesting Piece of Furniture
Comes Up Again

NEWS FROM A BIRMINGHAM YARD

Something new has been discovered about an ancient sea-chest and a fresh chapter added to its long story.

Two years ago the chest was sent from Birmingham and put up for auction in a London saleroom. It was then said to be the chest in which Captain Cook kept his records and belongings on his famous voyages of exploration.

The story which traced it back to Captain Cook seemed well authenticated, and the authorities of Sydney Museum would have paid £3000 for it if documentary proof establishing it as the property of the explorer had been forthcoming. It would have been a relic to give pride to Sydney Museum.

Evidence, But No Proof

But the proof could not be produced, for documentary evidence which was said to have existed had been destroyed. The offers made for the chest were not considered good enough, and it was withdrawn from sale.

Here is the chain of events by which, it was said, the chest could be traced back to Captain Cook. It was given by the explorer to his friend Captain Bilcliffe, of Usselby in Lincolnshire, in or near 1775. By Captain Bilcliffe it was given to Sir W. H. Elliott, son of Captain Elliott, master mariner, who is said to have travelled with Cook. Years later the chest passed into the possession of William Alcock, of Usselby Hall, by whom it was left to his widow, who married John Stafford, another Lincolnshire gentleman. It was John Stafford's second wife who gave it to her sister, Mrs G. F. Playforth, who sent it to the London saleroom from her home in Birmingham.

Surprising Turn of Events

That is the story, but it did not convince the authorities of Sydney Museum. At length the chest was bought by Mr D. W. Sumner, a Birmingham tradesman, who left it stored away in a yard for a time.

Then came the surprising turn of events which has brought this travel-stained chest into the news again. The paper packing round it became damp and began to adhere to the leather. Removing it, Mr Sumner detected what he thought were drawings on the leather. Only with difficulty could they be made out, but photographs of the leather were taken in a special panchromatic camera, which is peculiarly sensitive to varying shades of colour.

Not only did the prints reveal more strongly the outlines of the drawings

The Shepherd's Tale



Youth and age are aptly illustrated in this picture of Mr William Shepherd, an 84-year-old shepherd, talking to a young friend at a Sussex sheep fair.

already seen, but they showed up many more—crude drawings of sailors, men in shovel hats, and letters which may have been the beginning of the word Resolution, the name of one of Cook's ships. The date 1752 was found, and there were the letters J. C., which were the initials of Captain Cook. Nor was this all, for beneath a piece of torn leather were found bits of printed paper stuck to the old frame, which are believed to be bits of arithmetic books 200 years old.

Now in the biography of Captain Cook it is stated that two artists accompanied him, William Hodges on the second voyage and S. Webber on the third. It is suggested by Mr Sumner that one or both of those artists may have done the drawings on the chest.

It is now likely that the chest will be examined afresh by experts who will study the pictures, and it will be interesting to see whether they are led to conclude that this actually is the chest which Captain Cook took with him on his famous voyages.

THE HARTLEY STONE

What may be a great joke to others is a serious matter to the folk of Hartley in Northumberland—for the blue stone of Hartley, the equivalent of the famous Blarney Stone in Ireland, disappeared during the night not long ago. Shortly after the stone was missed almost every inhabitant visited the spot where it had lain in the centre of the village.

The stone was probably brought from the foot cliffs; but the old villagers firmly believed that it was laid there by the hand of a giant, and that when it disappeared their prosperity would 'cease. So whenever attempts were made to remove the stone it was hauled back by superstitious people and restored to its place.

When last we heard of them they were all searching again for the lucky stone. We earnestly hope Peter Puck has had nothing to do with its disappearance.

JOHN UNDERHILL'S WAY

MONEY BACK FROM
THE SHOP

An Old Negro's Idea of
Leaving a Fortune

JOY OVER THE COUNTER

There was once a dear old Negro who kept a shop in an American town called May's Landing.

All the children in the place knew John Underhill, and children were his best customers. On the day they had their pocket money John was kept so busy that he hardly knew whether he was on his head or his heels.

John's shop was so popular because he knew the things that children like to buy, and he knew because he loved children. Everyone could tell that by the way he talked to his young patrons, but they did not know how much he loved them till his will was read.

Then they found that he had only made money out of children in order to give it back. From their pennies he had thriftily gathered a fortune of £20,000, and it is all to be spent on equipping the school gymnasium and turning the park into a better playground for children.

A Lovely Life

John Underhill must have had a lovely life. He knew that everything he handed over the counter was going to give pleasure and nothing could do harm. It must have pleased him best when some little child who had come to stare into the window for weeks at last entered with all his savings. Every day John Underhill talked to the young folk he loved, and every day he must have said to himself: "They have not lost their pennies, they have only given them to Uncle Jack to look after. One day they shall have them back again."

So instead of spending his profits on good things for himself Mr Underhill saved them up for the children. For generations the young folk of May's Landing will have fun and pleasure through his gifts, and we may be sure he would rather have their laughter for a memorial than any marble statue.

A SWORD OF FIRE

A sword of fire that can cut through iron at a distance of 25 feet has been used by a big fire department.

It is an acetylene torch mounted on a slender iron pole, shooting out such an intense tongue of flame that it can cut through an iron hinge several inches wide in two minutes.

It was invented by a fireman of the New York Fire Department and is to be made a regular part of fire-fighting equipment, enabling firemen to cut through barred windows out of reach of the fire escape.

AN ISLAND OF PERFECT PEACE PRINCE'S REMARKABLE SPEECH

How Siam Looks Out Upon
the World

THE SPIRIT OF GENEVA

By Our League Correspondent

A prince of Siam has spoken to the Assembly of the League of Nations of the happy peace which reigns in his country and of how it comes about.

This kingdom, which he describes as an island of perfect peace and calm, has kept its independence in spite of neighbours who would have liked to push their way in; it has dealt quietly and successfully with difficulties which have caused great disturbance in China, Egypt, Turkey, and Persia; it has succeeded in keeping peaceful when difficulties are spreading all over the world; but its citizens are feeling the effect of the general bad times.

The secret of this peace is to be found, the prince said, in the moral and spiritual order which the people follow as a result of their religion. This teaches them that life is a unity (words which the poet Tagore also used the other day in Geneva), and that it is, therefore, *interdependent and universal*, so that if we injure a living creature we injure ourselves, if we benefit a living creature we benefit ourselves.

Searching for Peace

The prince went on to tell of his search for peace in the West, and this is what he said:

I failed to find this positive conception of peace when I first came to Europe. I went first to an English school, and there, during a pillow fight, I heard Pax shouted, and I understood that peace was a cessation of hostilities. I went to my classes and I learned Roman history and the Pax Romana, and I gathered that peace was a prohibition of hostilities. I went to Oxford and studied history and I learned that the peace of the Church, the Truce of God, was merely a suspension of hostilities. I went to Paris and studied international law, and I learned that peace according to The Hague Convention was at most a prevention of war.

Finally I went to Versailles, to the Conference, and there I found a positive conception of peace. I found it in the Covenant of the League. With the League peace is not merely a passive state of non-war; it is a positive state of understanding and friendship.

That is the spirit of my country; that is the spirit of the League of Nations.

FATE OF A PRINCE

End of a War Conqueror

Brother to a king, conqueror of a Russian Army, Prince Leopold of Bavaria has died old, alone, and unmourned in his little home in Munich, the capital which once acclaimed him with enthusiasm a triumphant hero.

To Leopold alone of all the German princes came success in the Great War. His armies slung back the Russians, capturing cities from Warsaw to Riga. His successes led to the Russian revolution, and in 1918 he was able to lay at his Kaiser's feet the victor's Treaty of Brest-Litovsk. His glory lasted but a few months, for by the end of the year his palace was sacked and looted, and he was a fugitive in Tirol.

Now he has gone out of the world unmourned and alone.

Pronunciations in This Paper

| | |
|--------------------|------------------|
| Aesculapius . . . | Es-koo-lay-pe-us |
| Euphrates . . . | U-fray-teez |
| Euripides . . . | U-rip-e-deez |
| Theodosius . . . | Theo-doe-she-us |
| Thessalonica . . . | Thessa-lon-e-kah |

BEST SELLERS Old Books Still Being Read

A popular author has been saying that the two best sellers after the Bible and Robinson Crusoe are Black Beauty, by Anna Sewell; and The Age of Reason, by Tom Paine.

Great surprise was shown at this statement, but inquiries have proved that both these books sell well. For ourselves we hope that Black Beauty will continue to be reprinted until the end of Time. Perhaps more than any book this autobiography of a horse has brought about that love of dumb animals which is so delightful a feature of life today.

Simple Words

We have taken it down again from our shelves to revive the joy of this treasure of our early childhood. If all our stories were in the simple direct words used by this horse how much more should we love reading! The second paragraph in the book has only two words of more than one syllable and one of these is Mother.

Tom Paine, however, is another story. At the age of 37 this turbulent English Radical sailed for America and sided with the American Colonists in their struggle with George the Third. In 1776 he issued a pamphlet called Common Sense, a plea for complete independence, which, as George Washington declared, worked a powerful change in the minds of many men. At the close of the year appeared his Crises, which gave the battle cry "These are the times that try men's souls," to the victorious Americans at Trenton. Paine fought at Trenton and then became Secretary for Foreign Affairs. Later he invented the first iron bridge and came to England to have it built.

Million Copies Sold

Here in 1792 he published his Rights of Man in reply to Burke's Reflections on the French Revolution. Over a million copies were sold and Paine was brought to trial. He escaped to France, where he was elected to the National Convention. Here he proposed the banishment of Louis Capet to America instead of death, and thus offended Marat. He was thrown into prison and by a miracle escaped the guillotine. Here he wrote the second part of The Age of Reason, which had appeared just before his arrest. The book attacks both Atheism and Christianity.

After nearly a year in prison Tom Paine returned to the Convention, but soon tired of French politics, and sailed for America, where he died in 1809. Ten years later Cobbett brought his body to England, but where he now lies is not known.

The language in his books is sometimes harsh and brutal, but he had the gift of writing in fine vigorous English.

AUSTRALIA ABOLISHES A BAD THING

The Australian delegate to the Assembly of the League of Nations was able to give practical proof of that country's desire for peace. "Australia tells the world, as a gesture of peace (he said), that she is not prepared for war."

"We have drawn the pen (he went on) through the schedule of military expenditure with unprecedented firmness as far as our country is concerned. We have reversed the policy which has existed in Australia for a quarter of a century of compelling the young to learn the arts of war."

It may be a surprise to some of us to realise that Australia has had compulsory military service for so long a period or even at all. We rejoice that the wish for peace has banished that item from her national programme.

To C.N. Motorists

Do Not Buy Petrol
From Ugly Stations

A WILD MAN AND HIS WORDS

Herr Hitler and the
New Germany

SEEDS OF ILL-WILL AND THEIR FRUIT

Herr Hitler, the leader of the National Socialist Party in Germany, which six million German electors sent to represent them in the new Parliament, was quick to take the first opportunity to tell Europe what his election meant.

Herr Hitler did not speak temperately. He used wild and whirling words about the heads of those who had sacrificed Germany's interests when the Treaty of Versailles was framed falling in the sand. That is madness, but it would be folly for Europe to ignore the fact that this wild man of the second largest party in the German Parliament voiced the resentment and indignation of a great part of the German people. Out of the bitterness of the heart the mouth speaketh.

The resentment arises from the growing feeling among the younger generation in Germany that Europe has not treated them fairly.

A Promise Not Kept

If that were all, then Europe might rejoin that, however intolerable this treatment might seem to a great and proud nation, Germany had brought it on herself; but Europe does not come to the tribunal of nations with clean hands. The disarmament of Germany was declared to be the first step in the disarmament of the rest of Europe.

That promise has not been kept. Germany sees in the arming of other nations, while she remains helpless, a threat which she cannot repel.

Thus the seeds of distrust and hatred bear their inevitable fruit. A nation of sixty millions cannot be kept down.

The effort to keep it down by an unjust display of force is like sitting on a safety valve—the explosion must follow. Let Europe take the warning of this wild man's explosion, which is at present only one of words. It was Euripides who said, very long ago, that the strokes of injustice will surely rebound.

THE C.N. AND A POLICEMAN

A Kind and Competent Man

Pressure of space is a trouble from which all newspapers suffer, and so it is that news is often greatly condensed.

Like many other papers the C.N. has lately expressed its sorrow at the apparent unkindness of a Leicester policeman who took a ride offered him by a motorist and then summoned him for not having his licence.

It seems that, as is too often the case, the story in the papers was too brief to be entirely true, for the motorist's own story has revealed that the policeman was plainly doing his duty. The motorist had run over a dog in the dark, and the policeman acted with great courage in handling the animal, which was frantic with pain. At his advice it was put into the care of the R.S.P.C.A. and made as comfortable as possible.

Naturally the case had to be reported, and it was only on that account that the policeman called for the driver's licence, which proved to be out of date.

The policeman was not unkind; he was a thoroughly kind and competent policeman, and the C.N. (which does not know him and has not heard from him) apologises to him for having taken the facts as wrongly reported.

THE PRISON GARDEN

GOOD WORK IN BAD
PLACES

Bring Hope Back to Life
With Flowers

A GUILD'S SPLENDID WORK

There are flowers in over twenty English prisons today.

What have flowers done that they should be sent to prison?

They are there not as convicts but as prisoners' friends. Like the mouse in the fairy story they have come to show a way of escape from the black confines of despair. Everyone knows that stone walls do not a prison make; only despair and feelings of vengeance do that.

Two years ago Miss N. D. Stubbs, of the National Gardens Guild, asked leave to make a garden in Holloway Prison. Three pieces of waste ground were given her, places which had served for some time for the deposit of rubbish heaps and for a coke dump.

An Anxious Moment

The prisoners were told they might attend her gardening lectures if they liked, and at the first lecture 23 women filed in, followed by a wardress, who afterwards went away, leaving lecturer and audience locked up together.

It must have been an anxious moment for Miss Stubbs. Were the women hard creatures who cared nothing for flowers and had come to the lecture only for the sake of a change in the grim routine of prison life?

No; they were what she had hoped they would be, real lovers of flowers. There is hardly anyone who does not love flowers, and through this mutual love Miss Stubbs and the prisoners became friends.

Now there are three classes of two hours every week, and no one looks at the weather more anxiously than the prisoners of Holloway.

Waste Places Beautiful

Volunteers have turned the waste places into three fine gardens. Young, strong women broke up the hard ground with pickaxes, and old women of 70 did little jobs suited to their years. As they worked some of them probably thought of the future and of the little gardens they would make in a backyard or a flower-box; while some would think of other people, like the woman who begged that flowers might be planted where the sick prisoners could see them from the hospital window.

The gardeners forget ugliness and badness as they work to bring order and beauty to the gardens, and it is certain that they must sometimes say to themselves that if a lot of waste ground can be turned into a garden they can turn their wasted lives into something good too.

THINGS SAID

The civilisation of a country is what its people do with their leisure. Dean Inge

Failure at examination through nervous apprehension has lost the nation many a genius. Mr Morgan Jones, M.P.

The wireless programmes in England are incomparably superior to anything in America. Professor Millikan

Youth today resembles the cockatoo. It struts up and down and delights in flaunting its own vacuity. Mr Cairns

The Scouts have found that it is better to be doers than watchers. A scoutmaster

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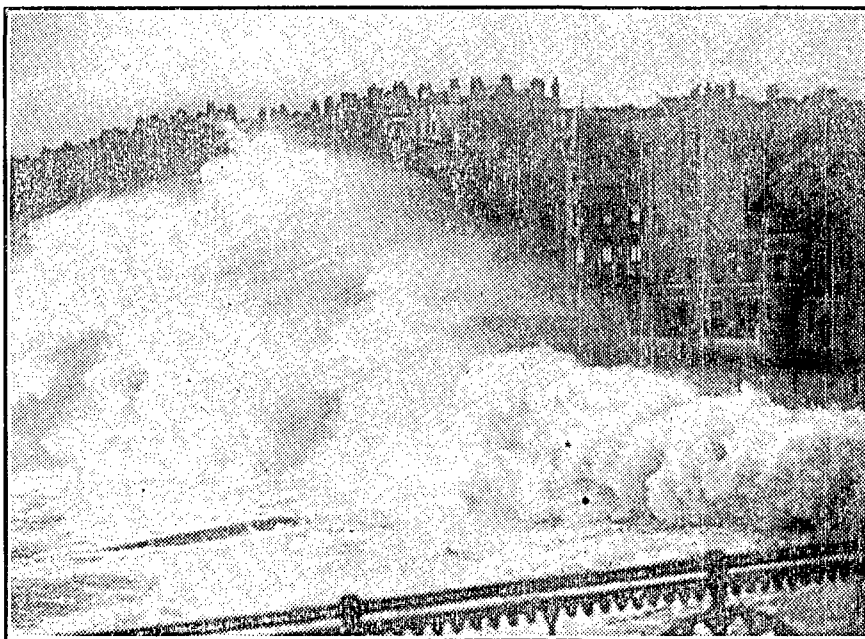
The Children's Newspaper

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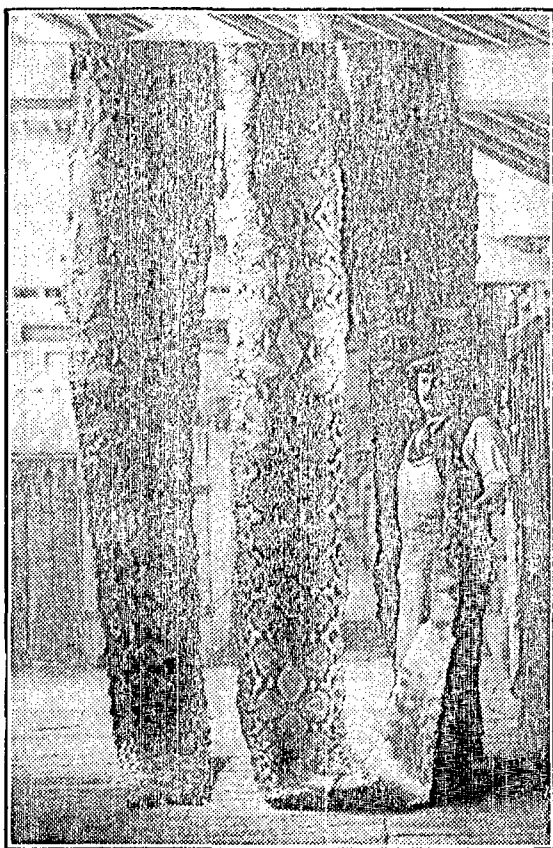
SEEING LONDON'S DOCKS • GIANT SNAKE SKINS • THIRSTY ELEPHANTS



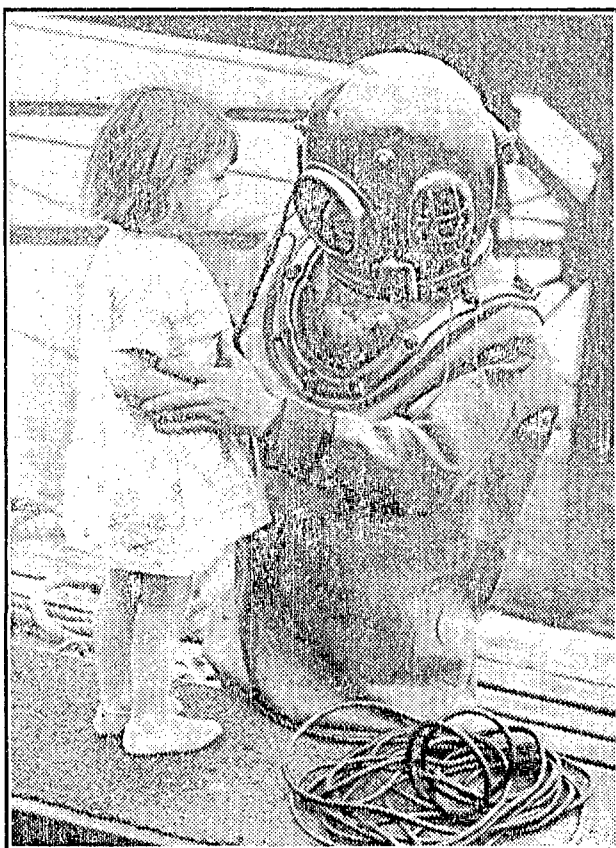
The Biggest Seaport—The London Docks were recently open to the public for a week. Here we see a few of the visitors inspecting the greatest port in the world.



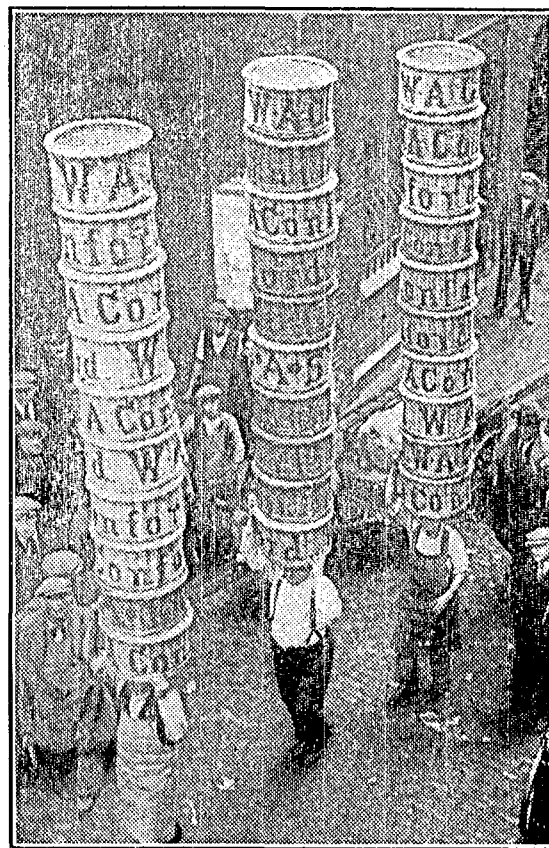
The Sea's Fury—The recent gale that swept England caused mountainous waves to break on the coast. This remarkable picture was taken at Hastings.



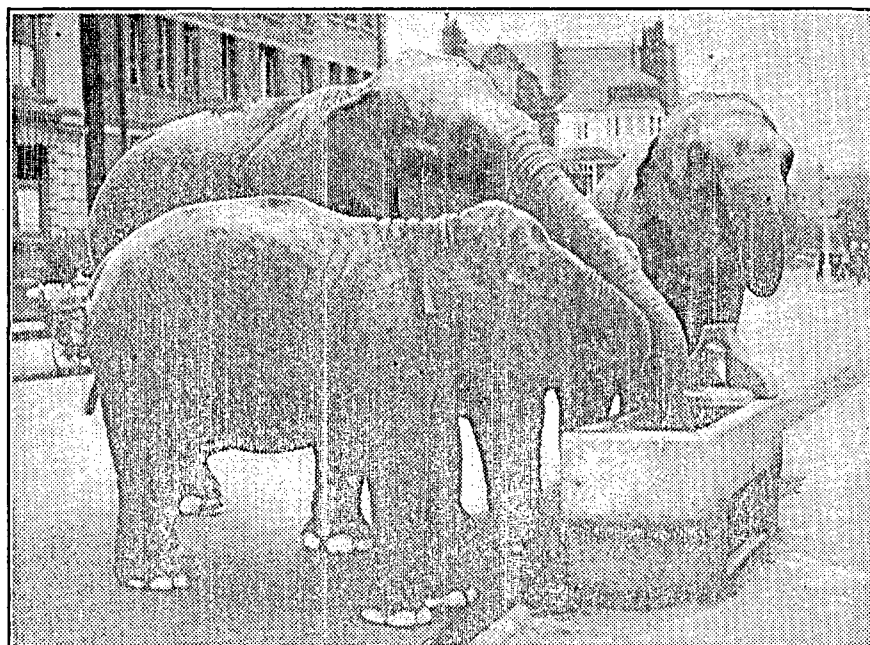
Snake Skins for Shoes—A number of python skins have arrived in London to be made into handbags and shoes. Each of those seen here is more than 20 feet long.



A Message for the Deep?—This little girl has no doubt heard stories of mermaids. Is it possible that she is giving the diver a message for them before he descends?



Balancing the Baskets—The porters of Borough Market, London, are expert at carrying baskets on their heads. Three are here seen practising, each with ten baskets.



Margate Visitors—When these elephants arrived in Margate the other day they halted to take a drink from a trough which was originally provided for horses.



A Modest Prize-winner—Although this cow was deemed by the judges at an agricultural show to be the champion beast it showed great reluctance to being paraded.

BABIES AT THE ZOO

SOME NEW LITTLE ONES

Father and Mother Lion and the Cubs

A SMALL WILD HORSE

By Our Zoo Correspondent

The Lion House at the Zoo has started a nursery again, this time for Pat and Doris, the parents of the lion cubs born last year, who have now a new litter of babies.

Doris has once more become the mother of three delightful little cubs, but although she is devoted to them, and is tending them like a model lioness, these new Zoo babies are not expected to be on view before next month.

At present Doris keeps her offspring in the most secluded part of her inner apartment, and not until she herself carries the cubs into the exhibition den will callers be allowed to peep at them. The mother animal will not expose the tiny creatures to any risk of danger before they are able to walk with ease. These precautions may be unnecessary, but it is advisable to keep Doris as quiet as possible, for Zoo lionesses are always nervous when they have cubs. Therefore the cubs are hidden away.

Minding the Babies

Pat, however, has remained with his wife and family; he has already proved that he understands his parental responsibilities, so, as before, he is helping Doris to mind their babies. Until Pat assisted his mate in the important business of rearing a litter of cubs last year no Zoo lion had ever been allowed to see his offspring, for the practice was to separate the lion from the lioness before the cubs arrived.

But when Doris's first family came into the world her mate was permitted to remain with her, and this experiment was a great success. Pat was not merely tolerant with his offspring; he was a help in the nursery and acted as nurse when the mother animal wanted a rest. His presence seemed to make Doris less nervous, and consequently this time there was no question of banishing him from the nursery.

Though it is late in the year for Zoo babies, one or two other animals, in addition to Doris, are busy rearing youngsters. In the Deer Sheds there is a baby anoa, a species of dwarf cattle peculiar to the Celebes Isles, and he is such a diminutive calf that he looks like a toy.

Two Orphans

In the Park Paddocks there is an attractive foal born recently to the Prjevalski's wild horses. He was never hidden from visitors, and within a few hours of birth this Zoo baby could be seen stumbling after his mother as she walked about the paddock.

The Zoo has also two new orphaned babies, one a tame leopard cub and the other a baby chimpanzee. The ape is about two years old, and she has been purchased so that a twelve-months-old chimpanzee, called Ivy, who arrived some weeks ago, can have a playmate. But as yet the two chimpanzees are not friends. They are slightly jealous of each other, but are learning to know one another through the bars, and it is hoped they will in time be firm friends.

A GOOD OLD MAN

Mr Henry Phipps, the iron and steel king, has died at New York a few days before his 91st birthday.

He was a man of very small stature. From humble beginnings he made a fortune of a hundred million dollars and had for many years devoted himself to philanthropy.

250 YEARS ASTRAY

A Lost Leaf Reaches Its Book

A RECORD OFFICE ROMANCE

A long-lost leaf has come home to roost.

It is a very beautiful leaf, written by a monk who was an artist at lettering and lived 500 years ago. It records that the Abbot of Furness Abbey need not plead in any save the earl's own court at Lancaster if the case concerns a local matter.

The leaf comes from a treasure book with lovely illuminated capitals sprinkled through its ancient pages. Therein long ago monkish hands entered all the charters and other documents concerning Furness Abbey. It was a most precious thing, the Furness Coucher Book, and when Thomas Cromwell demanded it in the name of King Bluebeard it was like tearing out the heart of the abbey. That was in 1537. The book was taken to London and kept with all the other muniments relating to the Duchy of Lancaster, but it was no longer so zealously guarded. Wicked hands cut out illuminated capitals here and there, and tore out leaves. Rats were allowed to gnaw the edges.

Today the Furness Coucher Book is safe in a glass case in the Public Record Office, and now the keepers of the lovely book have been able to put back one of the stolen leaves. It is a gift from a gentleman who bought it in a bookshop in Brighton.

They think that the page has been wandering from its home for about 250 years, and it is wonderful that it should ever have returned.

A LOW BUSINESS

The Air Ministry and Our Trees

WHAT OF THE BUTTERCUPS?

Near the Croydon Aerodrome is an avenue of trees which are so beautiful that the Urban Council has scheduled them for preservation in its town-planning scheme.

The Air Ministry, though it has an aerodrome of 300 acres, thinks the operations of planes would be facilitated if the trees were cut down. So it has scheduled them to go.

Nothing seems sacred to the destroying genius of a Government Department, especially our military Departments. After proposing to bomb the White Horse of Berkshire the Air Ministry now threatens our trees with destruction. Its excuse is that flying would be made safer, to which Croydon's retort is that the low flying of planes is already a public nuisance.

After the trees the shrubberies, and soon the herbaceous borders and the hollyhocks will have to go.

The Air Ministry wants someone with a sense of proportion on its council, but we hope it will leave us, at any rate, our buttercups.

FURNITURE MADE FROM COTTON?

A London man has invented a form of synthetic wood containing 90 per cent cotton which he claims is good for making furniture.

It can be made in any shape or thickness, can be sawn or planed like wood, and nails and screws can be driven into it. It is lighter, stronger, and cheaper than wood. It can be painted, varnished, or stained, so as to look like mahogany, oak, or walnut, or it can be polished as smooth as glass.

If this invention proves to be an industrial success it will certainly receive the blessing of the cotton trade, suffering at the moment from so tremendous a depression.

A DOCTOR AND HIS BROTHER

Why One Went to the Other

AND HOW HIS LIFE WAS SAVED

By Our Hungary Correspondent

Something very dramatic and wonderful because of what came of it, has lately happened to an eminent Hungarian physician, Dr Béla Kollarits.

A little while ago he went to Copenhagen to attend a medical conference there. The day after his departure his brother, to whom he is extremely attached, fell dangerously ill. The other members of the family decided not to inform Dr Kollarits of this fact, lest they should cause him unnecessary worry while he was too far away to help. But, strangely enough, the doctor was suddenly seized, while driving about the streets of Copenhagen, with such an unconquerable anxiety and sense of impending disaster that he broke off his stay before the end of the conference and returned to Budapest by aeroplane.

A Timely Appearance

He found his brother in an extremely precarious condition, so precarious that, according to the opinion of the doctors, nothing could save his life but an immediate transfusion of blood. The only reason why this had not yet been tried was that no one had been found whose blood was of the right quality. A brother's blood would naturally meet all demands in this respect, and Dr Kollarits was only too happy to offer his own. The transfusion was effected, and, according to the latest reports, the patient was doing remarkably well.

All the doctors in attendance agree that he must have died but for his brother's timely appearance—which shows once again what an immeasurable boon the aeroplane is to mankind, as well as what a marvellous thing the human mind is, for surely there must have been a sort of telepathy at work in moving Dr Kollarits to go home.

£50,000 FOR A BIT OF OLD ENGLAND

Fine Piece of the Roman Empire

A handsome "period piece" of Old Roman Britain is to be had for £50,000.

It is the amphitheatre which the Romans built when the Twentieth Legion of the Emperor Claudius took up its quarters in the fortress of Chester; and it has been described as one of the finest pieces of the Roman Empire still left. Chester has noble walls and a long and glorious history, but in the flight of centuries the fine amphitheatre sank from memory and recognition.

It might have remained for ever lost if Chester had not required a new road near old Newgate. When the excavations were made it came to light, and the City Council decided that the new roadway must not be allowed to destroy such a great relic of the past.

If the amphitheatre is to be preserved it will be at a cost of £50,000, which is wanted to take the road another way round, leaving the amphitheatre for future generations to see.

NEW AIR PORTS

Air traffic is becoming so important today that numbers of air ports are being thought out for passenger traffic, the carrying of goods, and for the needs of the mail services.

The Great Harbour at the James Watt Dock, Greenock, is now being considered as an air port for a seaplane mail and passenger service to Belfast and Dublin, as well as to towns on the west coast of Scotland. In a huge air port being built on the Mississippi at St Paul a bay is being provided for seaplanes and flying boats.

THE LEAGUE AND THE WORLD'S HEALTH

Widespread Work of Geneva

MAKING THE EARTH SAFER TO LIVE ON

"Can the Health Committee of the League find a cure for snakebite?"

This somewhat startling request has just been made at Geneva, and its unexpected appearance in a sober committee meeting at the Secretariat, with the pictures it called up of jungle and forest and of hidden peril, sudden danger, and certain death, so far remote from our everyday lives at home, made us realise once again how widely the League has spread its good deeds across the world and how much faith particularly is placed in the work of its Health Organisation.

Asking for More

The Malaria Committee was specially invited to visit India, and it has spent some time there helping the Government in its campaign against malaria.

This most useful work evidently gave much satisfaction, and consequently one of the Indian delegates sent to the Assembly had instructions to ask for more. "In the wake of malaria comes cholera," he said; "we greatly hope that the League will take up the question of cholera prevention." We have so many diseases devastating India, he went on to say, making great inroads on the physical strength of the people and diminishing their staying power, and we are unable to do what is needed to check them. There was rat plague, for instance; could the League take up the study of that? Then the question of milk supply must be taken up by his country. "Where is good and plentiful milk to be found in India?"

True Cooperation

So, following on the help given in malaria matters, the widespread scourges of cholera and rat plague will probably find themselves on the ever-lengthening programme of the Health Committee, and some of its members may even set out one day to discover the long-sought serum which will cure all snake bites, however venomous they may be.

In this question of health the West certainly has a great deal to give the East, and it can take the opportunity at the same time of learning many other good things from the East, in a spirit of true cooperation.

THREE IN A BOAT

The Spirit of Columbus on the Wide Atlantic

It is not true that the Age of Adventure is dead.

Christopher Columbus sailed from Spain to the New World in a caravel. Señor Enrique Blanco has crossed the Atlantic from New York to Spain in a 30-foot sloop.

All honour to Señor Blanco, but a word of admiration also for Señora Blanco and Señorita Blanco who adventured with him. Little Señorita Blanco is of very tender years (their number does not run into double figures) so she may perhaps claim to be the youngest sailor ever to make such a voyage.

The professor did a man's work, but Señora Blanco did the same on this journey of 55 days, and, though little Miss could hardly take the helm or haul the sheet, a mere glance at her picture is enough to prove that she did her share in keeping up the spirits of the crew.

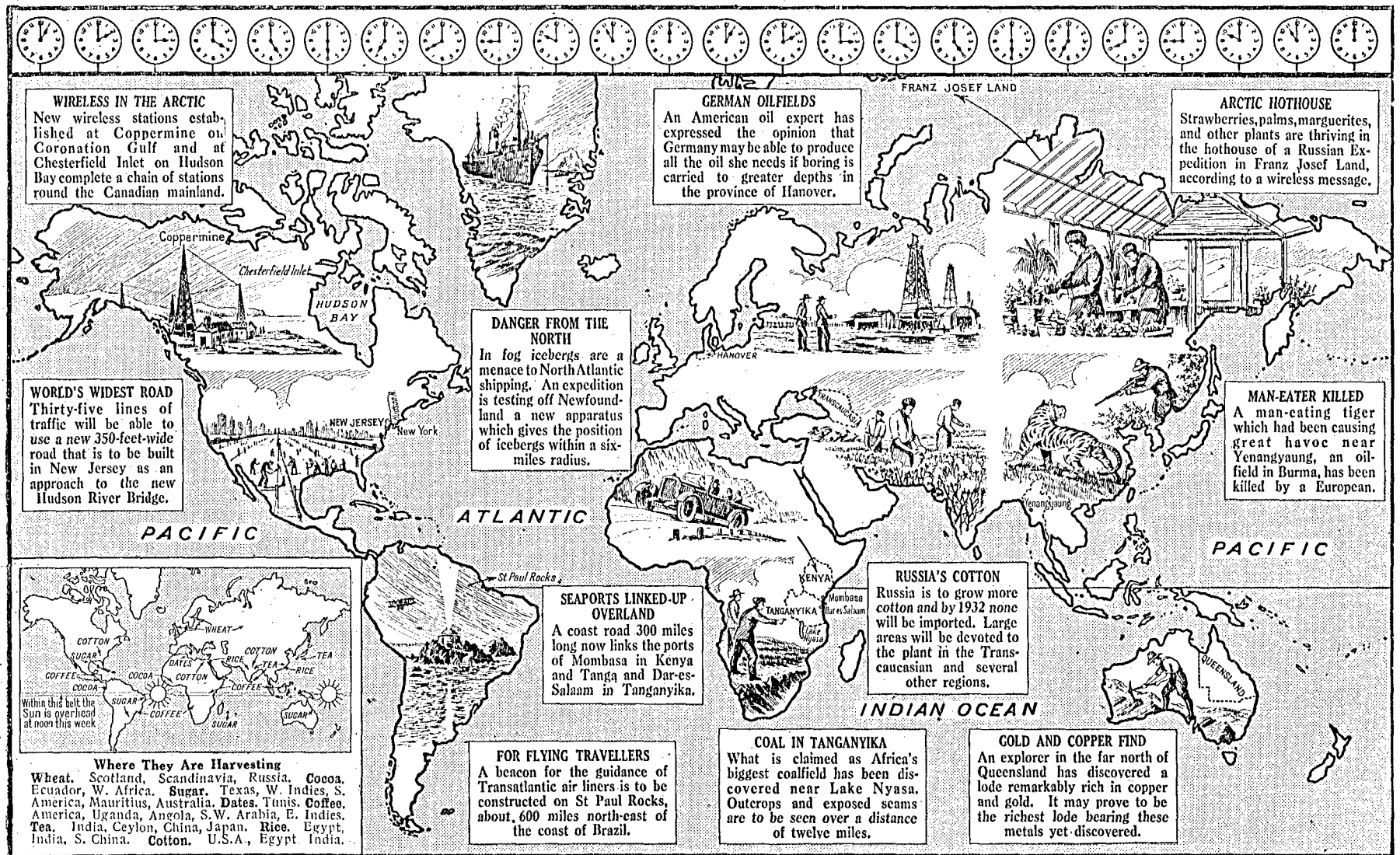
Picture on page 9

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PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



FOUNDATIONS IN THE RIVER FLEET

A Stream that Shakespeare Saw

Where the new Lever House is to rise on the foundations of the old at Blackfriars the workmen have laid bare a bit of the London Shakespeare knew.

In his day a stream arose in Hampstead and became the Turnmill Brook. Fed by rills and springs it grew larger and larger till by Saffron Hill it did turn a mill, and shortly afterwards was called the Fleet River.

The tide rose in it then, and at the site of Lever House the breadth and depth of the river was such that twelve ships at once with merchandise were wont to come up it to the Bridge of Fleet.

The Fleet River degenerated, but long after Shakespeare's day there was a wharf with steps at Bridewell in Bridge Street where boats might be hired.

The workmen, digging deep near this old place, have laid bare the line of the Fleet River. For a quarter circle of about 200 yards they found modern piles driven deep into the clay. That was where the Fleet joined the Thames.

On the Thames side of the junction are square batches of piles which were perhaps the ends of the landing-stages that belonged to old Bridewell Palace.

ARMISTICE DAY A Line of a Hymn

In view of the near approach of Armistice Day a correspondent asks us to call attention to the inappropriateness of one verse of the fine hymn that is usually sung at the services in memory of the gallant dead.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away.
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

The aim of the service is to show that these, our sacrificed sons and brothers, are not forgotten. Surely this verse should be omitted.

A CRAB CRAWLS 100 MILES

And Becomes Famous

*A chiel's amang ye takin' notes
And faith he'll print it.*

An Aberdeen crab has got into a Blue Book, and it took four years of steady going to get there.

The circumstances are these. Four years ago this native of Aberdeenshire was caught, marked on the back, and thrown into territorial waters between Arbroath and Montrose, Forfarshire.

Contrary to tradition, the Aberdonian turned north, and, making its way along the coast, earning its living as it went, reached Banff, 100 miles away, in four years.

There it was recaptured, and its journey carefully noted by the inquiring Ministry of Fisheries and Agriculture.

The Ministry has taken note of other Scottish crabs, and finds that their adventurous spirit often takes them 50, 60, or 70 miles from home. The Banff crab holds the record up to date.

Northumberland and Yorkshire crabs, on the other hand, seem quite content with their native county.

TWOPENCE FOR TENPENCE

A sad awakening awaits British investors who lent money to France for her National Defence Loan Bonds. They are to be repaid at the rate of 4s in the pound.

The loan was floated when the franc stood a great deal higher than now, and no undertaking was given by the French Government that it would be repaid in the gold, or at the gold standard, at which it was lent.

It is therefore to be repaid next year at the present value of the franc, which is a fifth of what it was when the trusting Englishman parted with his money.

Short reckonings may make long friends, but not short payments.

NEW CHANCE FOR LONDON SCOUTS

61 Acres for 61,000

The 61,000 Boy Scouts of London will be able to live as real backwoodsmen in the new preserve that has been acquired for them.

An area of 61 acres of beech and silver birch has been bought at Downe, in Kent, the old village in which Charles Darwin lived, to be the training-ground of London Scouts.

Gilwell Park at Chingford has hitherto been the only official training-centre for the South and has been overcrowded. Downe will be the first permanent camping site for London Scouts, and will do away with the advantage other cities have always had over London. Birmingham Scouts have had for many years their own backwoods, so have Glasgow and Manchester.

A Scout Lorry is also to be provided, and it is expected that in this way London will get ahead of its friendly rivals by having its own transport system.

ANOTHER GOOD TURN BY RANGERS

What a Village Can Do

An account in the C.N. of a good turn done by Bournemouth Rangers to the crippled Rangers of Nottingham has prompted a Sussex reader to tell us of a similar instance on a small scale by the Rangers of the little Sussex village of Hurstpierpoint.

They heard last year of a poor family in London dockland (she says) that needed help badly. So they collected money and had one of the children, a little girl of eight, to stay for a fortnight in their village.

This year she came again for another fortnight and stayed with another Ranger, and returned home brown and happy. And this time they gave her hard-working mother the pleasure of coming into the country to fetch her home.

ERIN ON THE COUNCIL Ireland's Place in the League

Ireland had a happy day last month when she gained a seat on the Council of the League of Nations.

A try was made last year but not enough votes were forthcoming. The second try this year was successful, and Ireland sits now for three years with the thirteen other Powers, five of which have permanent seats and the remainder change in rotation. Three new members are chosen at each Assembly, and Norway and Guatemala were the other two successful candidates.

Portugal and China were the disappointed ones, Portugal not receiving enough votes and China failing to get permission to stand again for election before three years had elapsed since last she was a member. The general feeling seemed to be that, though China with a population of 440 millions as compared with Ireland and Norway and Guatemala has a greater claim to be represented, it is better to keep to the rules for election, and for that reason, though a large number of votes were given for China, they did not reach the two-thirds majority required.

Doubtless Ireland will now take a greater interest than ever in the League's work, and its people will follow all its doings with increased interest. It is one of the great advantages of the larger Council and the rotation of seats, that a greater number of statesmen learn to know the League from inside. Perhaps Irish children will roll up in greater numbers to join the C.L.N.

PETT RIDGE

William Pett Ridge, one of the wittiest and kindest men, has passed away at 70. He will be greatly missed. In his novels he interpreted the life of the poor; and the poor in London had in him a life-long friend.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

OCTOBER 11 1930

The Missing

It is not always remembered that one of the causes of the country's present dearth of leaders in every sphere of the national life is the unnatural absence of many of the best representatives of an entire generation.

The Times

IN the cemetery at Loos, where the white crosses commemorate those who fell in that tragic soldier's battle, a man sounds each night the soldier's farewell, *The Last Post*. So also by the Menin Gate, where the names of the lost and the missing are carved, the bugle's mournful notes each night recall them.

There are a million of our dead in the war, missing from the lives of those to whom they were intimately dear, and missing also from the life of the generation to which they belonged. It is a beautiful thought that wherever they lie, from Loos to Gallipoli, from Vimy Ridge to the Euphrates, the bugles should nightly sound their requiem.

Yet it needs not that to prove that they are not forgotten. The *In Memoriam* notices which appear with such faithful regularity in the newspapers testify to sorrows not yet healed in many a heart. To such as those the dead will always be missing, and their places never filled.

But it is not on these private griefs that we would dwell. It is rather on the loss to the nation, to the race, and to the world of these missing ones. We do miss them at every turn.

They were the best among us, the flower of our young manhood. They were brave, but that is not all. They stood for Work and Faith and Hope.

No fineness of intellect, no beauty of thought, was withheld from that sacrifice of a generation. Poets and painters and musicians, scholars and writers, scientists and teachers and engineers, offered themselves, without a thought of themselves, for a cause in which it is their chief glory that they devoutly believed.

The better men they were the more generously and freely they offered their talents, their gifts, their lives. They were the children of a century and a generation which did not believe in war and trusted it would never come, but when it did come they cast everything aside to meet it.

That is the generation of men which is missing from among us, and missing also from other nations who entered or were engulfed in that mad fury of the World War. It is because they have gone, out of our lives and out of the life of our time, that the world is suffering so.

Let the world's bugles sound over their graves and let it be not the melancholy note of lament alone, but a call to the living to take heed that these shall not have died in vain.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



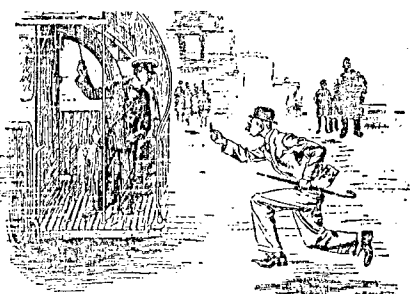
100 New Seats For the Abbey?

NOW that a war memorial has been moved in Sloane Square, is it not possible to consider the removal of other monuments which now stand in awkward places?

We believe it is true that the removal of a single monument to another position would add a hundred seats to the accommodation of Westminster Abbey. Who would not be grateful to the Dean for so great a service to the Abbey and the nation?

Punch Joins In

WE are always glad to see our great friend Punch join in a great crusade, and we welcome this admirable picture of the man who forgot to leave his ticket on the bus.



Conductor (to fare just alighted). Have you forgotten something, sir?
Law-abiding Citizen. Yes; to tear my ticket in half and leave it on the bus.

The only suggestion we can make in the matter is that the next time the Law-abiding Citizen forgets to leave it on the bus he should take it home and burn it.

Perhaps it is not out of place here to congratulate the London General once more on the growing response to its new appeal. We counted hardly a hundred tickets the other day on the pavement of the National Gallery, where we used to see nearer a thousand.

Beauty is for Ever

ONCE again Keats has been proved to be right.

A young airman, Captain Norman Macmillan, says that many old churches and cathedrals are more beautiful from the air than from the ground. On the other hand most country houses lose their impressiveness from overhead, presenting an ill-matched array of roofs in different styles and colours. The advent of aircraft will, he thinks, change the outlook, and architects will be required to consider beauty of plan as important as that of elevation.

The great masterpieces of the past, we see, are not less beautiful because man has changed his fashion of travelling. Seen from every angle they are lovely. Their builders never dreamed that mortal eyes would look down on them from the sky, but they built so well that their cathedrals endure every test.

It is true, then, that a thing of beauty is a joy for ever, in the days of the aeroplane as in those of the pack-horse.

Litter Man and Litter Lout

A QUEER world it is. Passing by the National Gallery the other morning we saw these two things:

A good Litter Man of the Westminster City Council clearing up the litter.

A bad Litter Lout with a railway van standing by the kerb scattering brown and blue paper in the road, one sheet three feet long.

The Best Thing

O love of loveliness be mine!
Then health and wealth may pass me by,

And youth may wane and love be gone,
And yet joy's fount be never dry;
For every spring shall bring me youth,
And every dawn shall bring me gold,
And, loving Earth, I shall not care
If all the human world be cold.

Country Girl

Tip-Cat

A CORRESPONDENT wants to know how to deal with wasps. Tell them to buzz off.

WHEN going abroad, says a writer, travel light. Travel itself is often illuminating.

WE read in the fashion news that women are taking to trains again. The railways will be pleased.

MORE moving staircases are being fitted in Tube stations. They make excellent safety raisers.

CLOTHES no longer make the man, says a social reformer. Often it is not

dressing up he needs so much as dressing down.

Peter Puck Wants To Know



If you can see through a man who is bored

BAD music is quietly disappearing, says a critic. But not quietly enough.

EFFECTUAL alarm clocks were known two thousand years ago. Since then they have gone off.

OLD houses are said to acquire

personality. And have views of their own.

IN an exhibition of pictures trees resembled firework displays. The artist's work must be going off.

THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

NEW ZEALAND sheep-owners pay each year for emigrating and training on their farms 120 sons of British seamen.

AN American born in Lincoln has sent £10,000 for the use of the city.

A CABIN boy saved a fishing smack off Brittany by remaining 16 hours at the rudder in a storm.

JUST AN IDEA

You can never stop the preparations for a chemical war.

Parliament's Bad English

WE fear there is still room for the bright boy in the Cabinet, as the C.N. has often suggested.

We are protected and helped and punished under laws that are always being increased, yet are so complicated and badly expressed that hardly anyone can understand them. It is a mystery and a scandal.

The last law of last year, the Widows, Orphans, and Old Age Pensions Act, was one of the most difficult laws ever put on the Statute Book. A well-known K.C. not long ago told the story of it. He knows, for he was made a Referee in carrying out the Act, and of it he says: "I defy not only any layman, but any trained lawyer to understand a word of it unless he is saturated with knowledge of the subject."

And this is an Act designed to help the poor and the unlearned. Surely one of the very first things Parliament should do is to learn how to express laws in words that can be understood by those who must obey them. It is useless to blame lawyers. They do their best to follow the maze of language. The fault is with those who calmly foist on the country laws that no one can interpret confidently. Making a law ridiculous by its own words should be an offence against the majesty of the Law.

My Land

She is a rich and rare land;
O! she's a fresh and fair land;
She is a dear and rare land,
This native land of mine.
No men than hers are braver,
Her women's hearts ne'er waver;
I'd freely die to save her,
And think my lot divine. Thomas Davis

We Live in Deeds

We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.
Where imperfection ceaseth, heaven begins. Philip James Bailey

Ideas of Norman Angell

Life Without Law

IF someone suggested that our Constitution and all government should be abolished, the police dismissed, the law courts closed, and every citizen left free to settle his own differences with his neighbours, to drive his car to the left or the right as he saw fit—if that way of life were proposed for us, we should probably deem the suggestion extremely foolish and quite unworkable.

But that is how nations have been trying to live together, without any international Government or law-making machinery or police. Each nation is, in fact, a law unto itself; sovereign, independent, acknowledging no authority above itself.

Why should we expect anarchy to work between nations when we know that it will not work as between individuals? N. A.

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SOMETHING GOOD
OUT OF RUSSIATHE MAN FROM THE
VILLAGE OF LONKAHow a Victim of the War Set
a Prisoner FreeTHE BOLSHEVIK WHO
REMEMBERED

By Our Hungarian Correspondent

Some of the things we hear about present-day Russia would lead us to think that those who manage the affairs of that unfortunate country have divested themselves of every vestige of kindness and human feeling. But it is never safe to assume the worst about our fellow-creatures.

A Hungarian ex-prisoner of war, lately returned from Siberia, has told an astonishing tale of the way in which he obtained his release.

Ten Years of Hardship

Gyula Kotász had been a school-master in the Hungarian village of Lonka before the war. He fought on the Eastern front and was made a prisoner by the Russians at the end of 1915. After four years spent in a prisoners' camp in Tomsk, where he learned Russian, he was nominally set free, but instead of being sent back to Hungary he was made to stay on, with twenty comrades, in order to teach the Russian peasants to read and write.

For ten years he worked as an itinerant schoolmaster for such wretched pay that he was continually on the verge of starvation. He had no hope of ever returning to his own country, for he had no money for his fare, even if he could have obtained permission to leave. So, in despair, he engaged himself as a farm hand to a Kulak, a member of that well-to-do peasant class so obnoxious to the Soviet authorities. As a consequence of this he was arrested as a counter-revolutionary and condemned, with 24 other Hungarian prisoners, to be sent to the dreadful Solovecky Island.

Before the Bolshevik

On the eve of his departure for a place which he probably would never have left alive he had to appear before a Bolshevik official to have his papers filled in. Never had he seen a sterner or more forbidding-looking individual. Yet no sooner had he mentioned that he came from the village of Lonka than the man raised his head and looked at him with interest.

"Lonka in the Carpathians?" he asked in perfectly good Hungarian.

Kotász answered in the affirmative, adding that his old mother still lived there. The official rose, locked the door lest he should be overheard, and turned to the prisoner.

Greeted as Brother

"I know Lonka," he said. "I was there in the war. My father was killed there fighting by my side, and I buried him outside the village. Afterwards I was made prisoner and served on a farm for five years. I was well treated, and have no cause to dislike Hungarians. Will you look after my father's grave, brother, if I let you depart in peace?"

Joyfully the prisoner promised to search out the grave and tend it as long as he lived. The official not only supplied him with the necessary papers but also with enough money for the journey. In the middle of July Gyula Kotász arrived in Lonka, where he found his old mother awaiting him, and where his first walk was to the field where the fallen Russian lay buried.

Not many weeks have passed since then, but already there is a stone tablet with gold lettering marking the place where lies Ivan Vassilievitch, the Russian soldier who, though dead himself, became the means of setting a prisoner free.

A BARK IN TIME SAVES SIXTY

WHEN the Ellerman liner City of Osaka went ashore on the rocky coast of Aberdeenshire, near Peterhead, it was a dog's barking in the night that sounded the alarm.

The farmer's son heard the watch-dog and made his way in the darkness to the cliff edge. Below him lay the steamer with the seas foaming about her. He drove to Whinnysfold, where there is a motor-boat, but this could not get near enough to the ship.

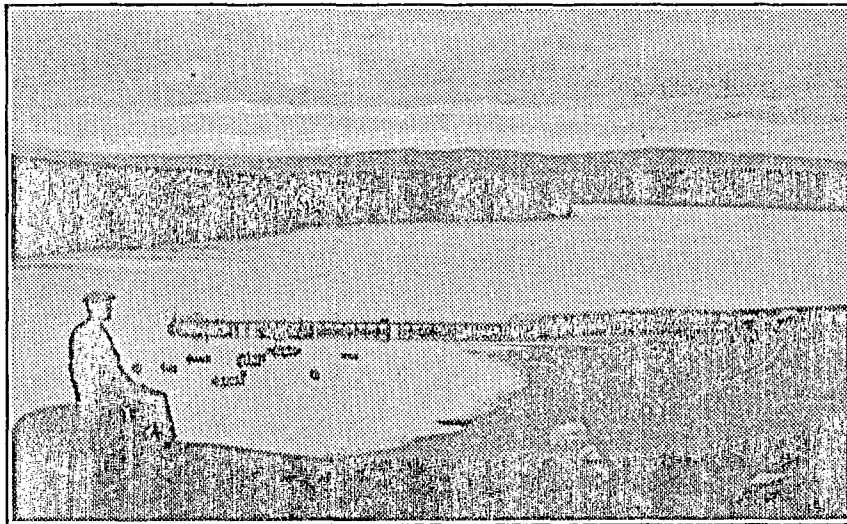
But a line was thrown to her from the shore, and by this time the whole neighbourhood had been roused. Fishermen and farm labourers crowded to the

shore. A countess came from her shooting lodge. Everybody lent a hand.

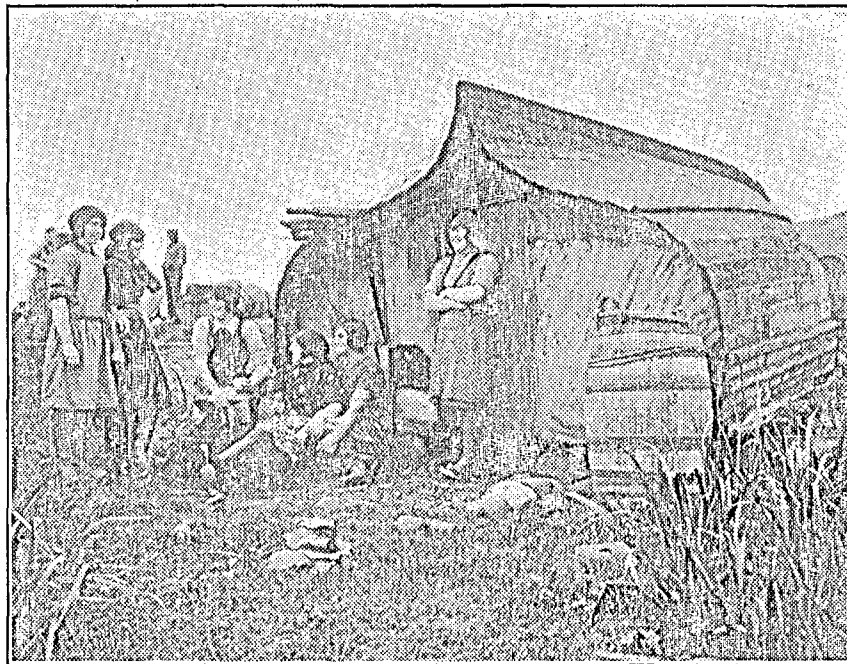
A breeches buoy was attached to the life line, and the Scotsmen and Scotswomen of the coast hauled the crew of 60 safely ashore. The countess then crossed the fields from her house with a pail of hot tea.

In the multitude of helpers the services of the dog were perhaps overlooked, but they should not be forgotten. Any householder snugly abed who is awakened in the dead of night by his neighbour's dog, and thinks hard thoughts of both, should remember the bark of the dog of Peterhead.

THE FISHER GIRLS OF UIG



The sheltered cove at Uig where the fish are landed



Fisher girls waiting for the boats to return

Although large numbers of fisher girls from Scotland are now in English ports for the herring fishing season there are many who remain to carry on with similar work in their native land. Here are some pictures from Uig, a busy little fishing station in the north of the Island of Skye, where the lassies cure the herrings for export to America and Germany.

A HUNDRED YEARS OF THE STEEL PEN

CENTENARIES cannot help increasing in number as the years go on. The C.N. has already celebrated that of the mouth organ and Camembert cheese. It has now to take notice of that of the steel nib.

The celebration may be only just in time, for the steel nib does not stand where it did before the fountain pen and the typewriter came in. Some day their centenaries will be celebrated also.

But the steel nib, which was popularised by James Perry in 1830, and was so warmly welcomed by the public that 100 gross were sent from Birmingham to London in that year, has a greater claim than many other inventions.

The year 1830 was not the year of its birth. Steel pens had been invented nearly a century before, but had struggled in vain for long against the

cheapness and the accessibility of the quill. It was only when Birmingham took the pen in hand in 1830 that its triumph became assured. Year by year more people took it up till it became the pen of the million. Four million gross a year were used in 1850, and the output went on growing.

It put the old quill pen out of action except among lawyers and old scholars, and it certainly must have raised the average standard of writing. What our grandfathers called a copper-plate hand came in with the steel pen.

There is life in the old pen yet. The quill pen may still be seen, so perhaps the steel nib may succeed in living on through the Twentieth Century even if the need for writing with a pen at all is felt only by authors, poets, and journalists.

A CATHEDRAL HALF
FINISHEDRISING ABOVE
LIVERPOOLThe Marvellous Structure
Getting Ready for the Future

BEACON OF BEAUTY AND HOPE

Our great new cathedral is slowly growing. It is in Liverpool, but it belongs to England. Those who saw it when it was just a Lady Chapel and a great stretch of barren ground, those who saw it when the chancel was opened, can scarcely believe it is the same place.

It has already the vastness, the mystery, of a great abbey, the grandeur that only space and fine proportion can give; and it has the growing mass of detail that all cathedral builders inherit from the medieval masters and rejoice in.

Triumph Over Heavy Odds

The building will be finished in about 12 years, they say, and that is not very long; if we look at the cathedral notebook we shall see that the foundation-stone was laid in July 1904. In 1910 people were singing Te Deums in the Lady Chapel. Four years later the mason's tools were stopped and the shadow of the Great War hung over the lonely hill. In 1924, the builders having triumphed over heavy odds, the cathedral chancel and eastern transept were opened and consecrated. Two years later that glorious organ, with its five manuals and over 9000 pipes, boomed out its notes, the envy of every organist in the land. And now the notebook says the cathedral is about half done.

Superb Simplicity

Walking through the finished part we feel most of all the superb simplicity and grandeur of the building. These arches and columns and laced roofs take their place with the naturalness of trees in a forest. Then, when we begin to look at the detail, at the carving in the choir where the sculpture slides from wood to stone, we find it difficult to believe that this great mass grew in the mind of one man and was seen in vision as a whole before he began to pin it down to lines and figures on a paper sheet.

The lovely stalls and benches will bear looking at a long time. The woodwork is apparently so simple. Then suddenly it bursts into flower and song, and we see in the bench ends and over the stalls the dear imagery of the Bible. Looking at those little faces and wings and clasped hands we at once remember a beloved verse of our babyhood:

Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John
Guard the bed that I lie on.
Four corners to my bed,
Four angels round my head:
One to watch, one to pray,
And two to take my cares away.

We have something more to look forward to now. In twelve years that great nave will have opened out its echoing length, that superb central tower have reared its head to the clouds.

The Glory That Will Be

And when C.N. readers are old they will be able to say to strangers and young people who admire the "grand old place": "Yes, but I saw the cathedral being built. I climbed to the roof and watched the men at work down in the dim, distant nave. And you see that stone, the seventh stone from the base of that pillar? I watched that set in place, trued up, plastered in. Above it, where you see the great walls and roof, was empty air. I called it my stone."

It is not given to every generation to see such a dream as this come true. As the turrets and towers are rising slowly over the city and the architect's vision is taking tangible shape we can stand on the hill and guess the glory that will be. There are thousands of persons thinking: I hope I live to see that central tower rising above the mists and roofs, above the river and the great ships, like a beacon of beauty and hope.

THE HEIGHTS OF LONDON

WHY WE HAVE NO SKYSCRAPERS

How Our Ugliest Building Brought About a New Law

AIR, LIGHT, AND SUN

When visitors from abroad are told that London does not permit buildings higher than eighty feet they look at Queen Anne's Mansions and marvel, for that huge block of ugliness rises 151 feet from the ground.

But when these hideous mansions were put up there was no legal limit to the height of our buildings. Parliament took the matter in hand on the appearance of this drab mass, with its menacing and depressing shadow thrown over St James's Park, and declared that no buildings should exceed ninety feet in height. This month, however, another Act has come into force, and in future no one will be permitted to put up a building more than eighty feet high in London.

The Fire Peril

It is commonly supposed that New York can have its towering skyscrapers because that city is built on rock, and that London cannot have them because it stands on clay. The reason for our regulations is quite different from that.

If we have buildings of great height there is difficulty in ventilating the courts within them. There is danger in case of fire, not only from the great concentration of people in the building, but from the fact that existing mains are not capable of supplying water to the top floors.

Moreover, streets lined with huge buildings lack light and sunshine, and are gloomy and unhealthy unless the thoroughfare is very wide. If only a few such buildings are run up they take light and air from property in their vicinity. Never has there been more anxiety to promote health by means of fresh air and sunlight; yet if we had buildings of excessive height in our streets these streets would be without sunshine for half the year.

The Traffic Problem

Another point which is better realised by people who live or work in London than by people who merely visit it is that these huge buildings make traffic almost impossible. Already, the authorities say, the emptying of the Government offices and of business premises in the afternoon causes extreme congestion on Westminster Bridge and elsewhere. A skyscraper, such as New York has, houses some ten thousand people.

Needless to say, the decision against these towns in steel and concrete for London is resented by interested persons, and by writers who imagine their own judgment to be better than that of experienced experts. Why should not London do what New York and Chicago do? they ask. There are many answers besides the answer that London is neither New York nor Chicago.

London has its special beauty, its own architecture, a personality which makes it unique. Many of its old and mellowed harmonies are disappearing before the enterprising builder and speculator, and we wake up to lament that architecture copying Robot designs from the Continent and America has been introduced where it is not wanted. A public mood which accepts the horrors of Epstein statues cannot be deemed safe against nightmares, and it behoves us all to be on the watch.

To All Kind Homes

Please ask your Butcher to use the Humane Killer

TWO MEN UP THE ALPS

What They Are Trying To Do

HARNESSING THE LIGHTNING TO BREAK UP THE ATOM

Somewhere in a little hut up in the Alps two German scientists are trying to harness lightning. They hope to conduct a lightning flash into captivity and to set it to work.

The first part of their work is to be entirely experimental, as experimental and hazardous as that of Benjamin Franklin when he first made lightning run down the string of a kite as an electric current. The scientists do not know how they will contain their lightning when they get it, nor how they will be able to transform its powers, but they do know what they aim at.

It is calculated that the energy of a single flash of lightning exceeds the energy of the electric current developed by all the dynamos in the world. There are 100 million atoms in an inch, and the nucleus of an atom is only a ten-thousandth of the atom itself. The hope of the men on the mountains is to turn their lightning flash loose on such a nucleus.

To Wait and See

No one knows if it can be done. The experimenters are not certain that the apparatus they have prepared is capable of withstanding the violence of such a flash. All they can do is to make the experiment and wait.

Nothing may come of the experiment, or much may come.

Fears that no container could be strong enough to receive a lightning flash are falsified by something that has already been done, for the scientific friends of Lord Kelvin once sent him a number of metal cylinders from Paris into which lightning had been conducted. Soon after their arrival a doctor friend of the scientist had to operate on a child and did not wish to use a surgical instrument. Kelvin lent him one of his cylinders. The current, flowing through a needle, painlessly removed an obstruction, and a child's life was saved by a mysterious energy that came straight from the heavens.

THE GATES OF HAMPTON COURT

An English Blacksmith's Work

Hampton Court has another beauty to offer to those who seek it, for its courts enriched by Time, its avenues of trees, its flowering borders.

The first panel of its wrought-iron Gate has been restored.

A French artist, Jean Tijou, designed the screen in 1691 when the Courts of Europe strove to emulate the Versailles which Louis the Fourteenth had built. But English smiths wrought it, and one English ironsmith has made it new again.

In the long-ago days of Sussex iron English wrought-iron was one of our greatest crafts, and it remained for centuries a worthy rival of the wrought-ironwork of Germany and Spain, as anyone may see who visits the corridor of the Victoria and Albert Museum, where examples from all countries are displayed.

But so little was it esteemed last century that the Hampton Court screen was dismembered and parts of it were distributed among various English museums. Thanks to the late Mr Ernest Law the Hampton Court gates were re-assembled and put back in their original form.

We may all rejoice to see them back in their place, not as a museum exhibit, but as the designer intended them to be, one of the glories of a kingly house.

TRACKLESS TRAMS

Coming to London

EVERY LITTLE HELPS THE TRAFFIC PROBLEM

Trackless trams, with overhead wires for electric power but no rails, are to make their appearance in Greater London before the New Year.

Twenty miles of roadway in and about Wimbledon, Kingston, Hampton, Teddington, and Twickenham will have these trams. In most of the districts trams run on rails in the main roadways. The new vehicles will be lighter than the old ones and will serve new roads that the present tramways do not reach.

London has been slower than many provincial towns to get rid of its tramways and to substitute for them the motor-omnibus. That is not only because a very large amount of capital has been locked up in the tracks and in the big heavy trams which run on them, but because every means of getting in and out and about Greater London, by bus, tube, or tram becomes more necessary to it every day.

The New Grid Projects

The L.C.C. tramway system is an example. It has been much criticised because of its costliness in working and the impediment it offers to the free movement of other traffic; but it transports millions to and from their work, and last year it made a profit.

London can always make use of a new and better way of moving on. The trackless tram, with its lighter vehicles, may point the way to a new system and, when electric power is diffused all over England by the new grid projects of distribution, is likely to prove a powerful rival to local motor-omnibuses.

If it proves cheap and speedy it will do more than anything else to rid the roads of the lumbering obstructive tram of the present type.

A PAGODA OF PEACE

Chinese Quaker's Gift

There was an unusual little ceremony recently during the proceedings of the Quaker Executive Committee meeting which has met monthly in London for over 200 years.

This was the presentation to the meeting of a beautiful little Chinese pagoda, ten inches high, made of silver. It bore on a little shield an inscription in Chinese characters: To the Society of Friends, London, to commemorate the completion of Friends House; Love and Peace. Presented by Fang-lin-Yang.

This little gift came from the headmaster of the Friends Boys School at Chungking, China, where he had previously been a scholar. He wrote saying that he wanted his English Quaker friends to accept the gift as a recognition of the kindness shown to him when he was in England ten years ago as one of the Chinese delegates at the All Friends' Peace Conference, and also as representing the old Chinese custom of offering gifts and sacrifice as a memorial on the completion of a building. Those who know what a useful centre the new Friends House in Euston Road is becoming as a meeting-place for Chinese, Indian, African, and other students and visitors to London will particularly appreciate the significance of the gift.

THE CROW ON THE LINE

Now that the South African summer is on the way the telephone authorities in the Transvaal and at the Cape are particularly interested in birds—not as naturalists but as engineers.

It happens that the great migration of the carrion crows at this season causes considerable damage to long-distance lines. In the Karroo, where trees are few and far between, these birds perch on the telephone wires and cause serious breakages or short circuits by bringing sagging wires into contact.

WHY IS FRANCE SO PROSPEROUS?

ONE OF THE REASONS

Getting On With Reconstruction Instead of Talking About It

BUSY ITALY

In a world of unemployment France stands out as being free from the evil. Why is it? Everybody should ask this important question.

Curiously, the basic reason seems to be that France was invaded in the war and a large part of her area devastated.

This put France very much into the position of a new country where a vast amount of reconstruction work had to be accomplished. France set to work and organised the remaking of roads, the rebuilding of towns, mines, and factories. The new broom had to get to work in earnest, and as a consequence the wheels of French activity revolved, and have remained revolving.

What England Failed To Do

In England, on the other hand, there was no invasion, but there was a great destruction of business, because many of our staple trades were dislocated. It never seemed to occur to us that our own devastation required just as much attention as that of France. If we had set to work to reconstruct our mines and railways, rebuild our slums, rebuild our many old factories and workshops, and generally to refurbish the nation as a going concern, British wheels would be revolving gaily at this moment and there would be very little unemployment. That, at least, is the view put forward by some serious people.

Another European country which has almost entirely avoided unemployment is Italy, where, in a nation of 42 millions there are only 300,000 unemployed as compared with our two millions. Here again there has been national reconstruction pursued vigorously, and the explanation seems to be very much the same as in the case of France.

Our Coalition Government after the war was full of great schemes, such as the Severn Power Scheme, but most of them ended in talk, while France was busy building up her shattered fortunes.

A BRIDGE ACROSS THE VAAL

New Link on the Cape-to-Cairo

The Vaal River in South Africa has at last been bridged at Christiania by five spans of 200 feet.

The Cape-to-Cairo road passes over the new bridge, for which the people of the district have been calling for about a quarter of a century. Up till now all crossings were made by pontoon, and congestion and delay have often been serious. In times of flood motorists with cars, herdboys with their cattle and sheep, farmers going to market, and natives moving to and fro, had sometimes to wait a week till the floods went down and the river became passable again.

BRIGHTER BRICKS

The gayer buildings to which we are all becoming accustomed are in large measure due to the new bricks now being made.

Red and yellow, brown, green, and blue bricks are being made in great quantities from a mixture of sand and cement coloured with pigment which does not fade with age or exposure. The bricks are being made in all kinds of shapes too, so that architects will soon have much greater scope for their designs, and the gay colours will last as long as the buildings.

October 11, 1930

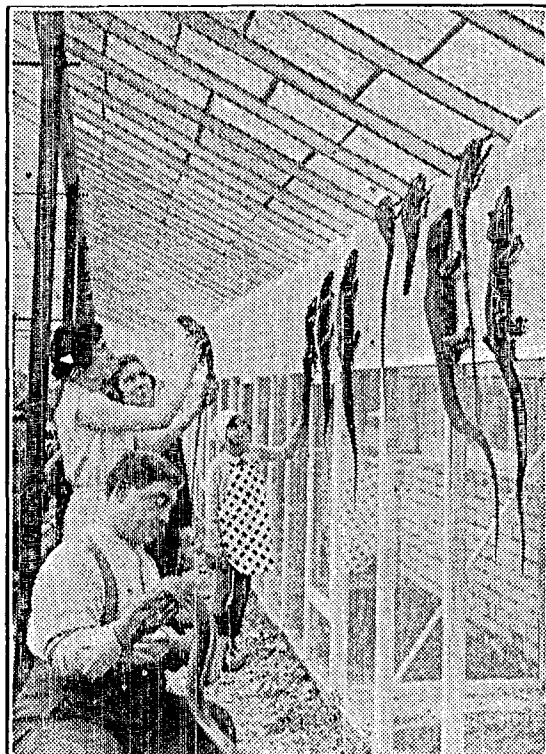
The Children's Newspaper

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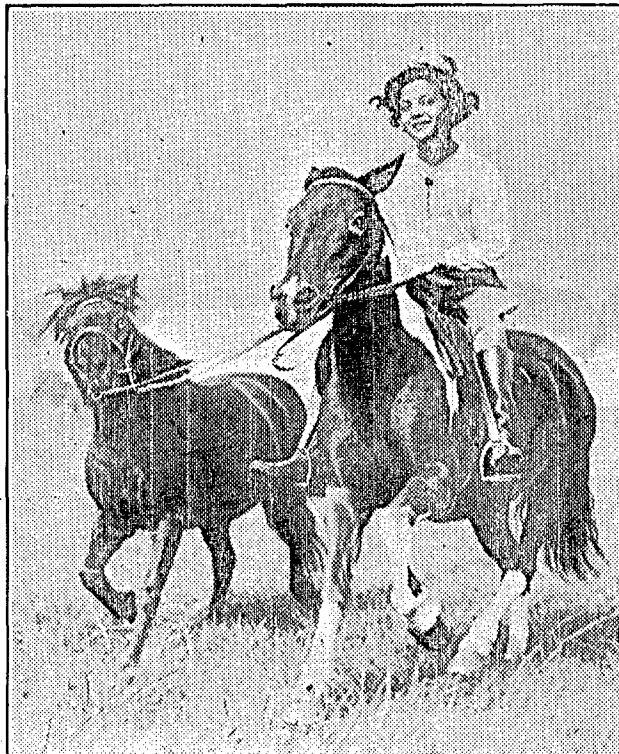
PLOUGHING WITH OXEN · THREE IN A BOAT · THE REPTILE FARM



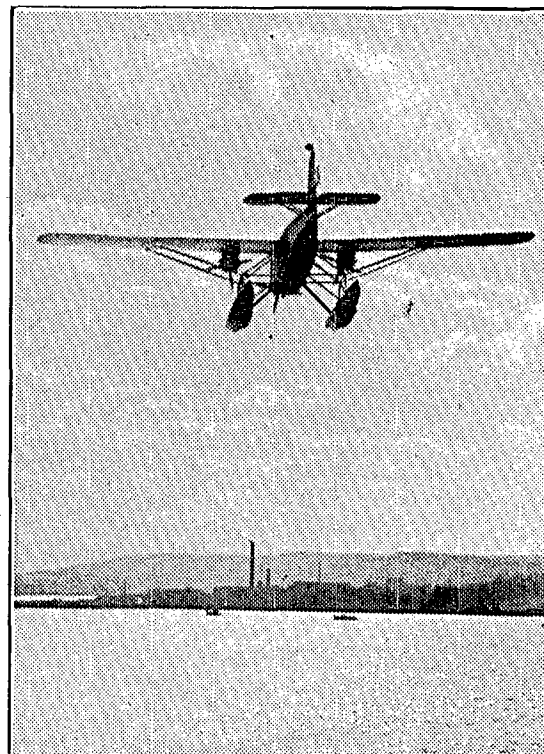
Ploughing With Horses—Familiar friends of the farmer are here seen exhibiting their skill in a ploughing match at Chertsey



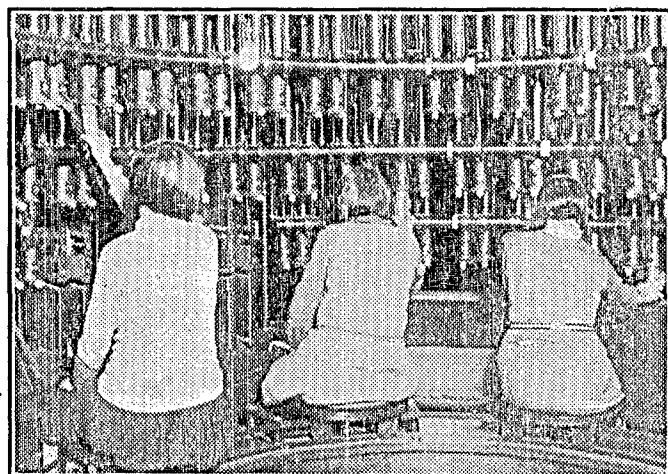
A Curious Farm—One of England's most curious farms is at Hemel Hempstead in Hertfordshire, where accommodation is being provided for 10,000 reptiles of many kinds. Here is the scene inside one of the reptile houses.



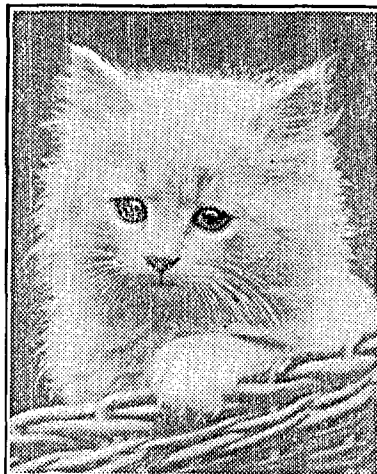
At the Show—Two of the ponies that were entered in competitions at a recent agricultural show in Surrey are shown in this picture being exercised by their young mistress.



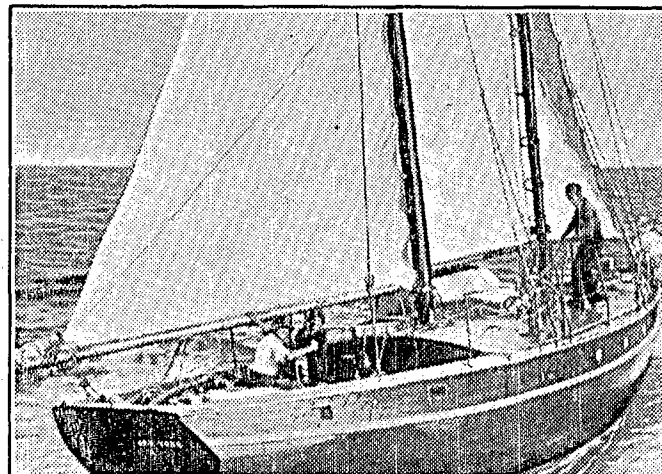
New Seaplane—This new seaplane, the Short Valetta, undergoing trials at Rochester, is another illustration of the return to popularity of the monoplane. The Valetta is a commercial machine and has three engines.



The Money Exchange—Here is part of the exchange in a big new London store where the money is received through pneumatic tubes from the various departments. There are more than 45 miles of tubes.



The Aristocrat—This beautiful kitten, which lives at Wimbledon, is a proud member of the cream Persian breed.



Three in a Boat—In this picture we see Senor Blanco and his wife and daughter in the small sailing boat in which they crossed the Atlantic from New York to Spain. See page 4.



Ploughing With Oxen—In some parts of Europe, notably in Portugal, oxen are still in general use for drawing the plough. In the Middle Ages sights like this were common in England, but it is a surprise to see oxen performing such tasks today. The picture was taken on the Earl of Bathurst's estate at Cirencester.

FIVE PEOPLE BEGIN TO YAWN

WHAT HAPPENED IN A TRAIN

The Dull People Who Suddenly
Became Interested in Life

HOW A C.N. PROPHECY CAME TRUE

When the Editor of the C.N. was introducing his great Picture Dictionary to the world a year or two ago it happened that one of the arguments by which he commended this unique book of 100,000 pictures was that it speaks a universal language.

Give it to a roomful of people (he said in the C.N.), young and old, speaking all languages, and they will all have a kind of understanding of these pages. They will all be interested in it.

I See All is probably the only book ever printed which interests people of all countries wherever they open it.

Now, at the very time when I See All completes itself after running for fifty fortnights, a letter from a traveller in Switzerland shows how this prophecy has come true.

The Appeal to All

Our correspondent was travelling from Vevey to Paris, with five people in her carriage. Being interesting herself, our correspondent tried to interest them all, and this is what she writes:

The young English boy had nothing interesting to say; the American couple were preoccupied with nothing but themselves; the French lady did not feel inclined to talk; and the Danish engineer, who is laying a new railway in Turkey, spoke rubbish all the time, saying Napoleon was the greatest man France ever had, that diseases are necessary to the world, and so on.

As all these people started yawning one after the other I finally said that I was going to show them something none of them had seen before, and I took out from my bag one or two copies of I See All. I set every one of them looking at it, and it was lovely to watch the whole compartment, yawning like anything a few minutes before, now deeply absorbed in these books.

The Editor's great Picture Dictionary is now complete and is being offered to the public in five handsome volumes.

A free booklet describing

I SEE ALL

THE PICTURE DICTIONARY

will be sent to any C.N. reader applying for it by postcard to the Educational Book Company, Tallis House, Whitefriars, E.C. 4.

DOG AND CAT FRIENDSHIP

A visitor to the Balearic Isles tells this story of a dog's friendship with a cat.

In a fishing village in Majorca is a cottage where a little mongrel dog and a half-starved kitten live. They are devoted friends.

Every day, after the hotel lunch, we gave them food, which they ate eagerly. But one day no kitten met us for its dinner. When we inquired about it we were told it had gone to live at a farm under the mountains about a mile away. We were glad, for there it might at least get some goat's milk.

A week later, however, the kitten was back again in the cottage. On inquiring how this had happened we were told that the dog had gone by itself across the fields to the farm and had brought its little friend back in its mouth.

HEARING LIGHTNING

A scientific writer in Nature tells of the hissing noise made by a flash of lightning which can be heard if one is close enough to it. The sound has been likened to that made when a red-hot poker is plunged into water.

A LIFE OF THE WEEK

A Great Quaker Lady

On October 12, 1845, died Elizabeth Fry.

The Society of Friends has the honourable distinction of having had as members the two most influential reformers of prison life who have ever lived. They were John Howard and Elizabeth Fry. Their influence was felt throughout all the civilised world.

Elizabeth Fry, who was born at Earham in Norfolk, May 21, 1780, was the daughter of a wealthy Norwich banker named John Gurney. The family had long been serious-minded Quakers, bent on living a good life and helping the poor. Three of Elizabeth's brothers, Daniel, Joseph, and Samuel Gurney, were notable men. Elizabeth began as a girl to visit the poor and sick around her home, and when she was only 15 her sympathy led her to visit the prison in Norwich. She married Joseph Fry when she was twenty and had a large family of her own.

It was not till she was 29 that she felt she must take part in public work, and her first work of that kind was as a preacher at the services of the Society of Friends. At once it became clear that her power as a speaker was very great. She had a beautiful voice, intense earnestness, and her fine thought was expressed in ready speech. All who heard her came under the spell of her magnetic personality.



Elizabeth Fry

A visit to Newgate Prison in London convinced her that her special work must be to alter if possible the terrible condition of the women and children in that appalling place. About three hundred were sleeping on the bare floor in one room without bedclothes. The guilty and the innocent were mixed together. There was no order. No one had any employment. She was warned that it would be dangerous to enter the place. But she went in and talked with the inmates, and they at once felt that she would be their helper and friend.

Her influence over them became amazing. The American ambassador in London, who once accompanied her there, declared that the sight of her influence was more impressive than anything in London. Compared with it Westminster Abbey, the Tower, and the British Parliament sank into utter insignificance.

World-Wide Influence

From Newgate she extended that influence far and wide. She travelled in all parts of the United Kingdom, visiting prisons, and forming ladies' associations to help in making the conditions of prison life more orderly and humane. She crossed to the Continent and continued her work in other countries. Kings and queens welcomed her. She extended her work to the poor and homeless outside prisons, and her influence spread to hospitals and asylums.

Though her husband failed in business and she became poor she continued her work, yet all the while was a devoted mother to her own family. No woman has ever shown more finely what influence can be wielded by the union of goodness with a powerful mind and attractive personality.

End of Cecil Rhodes's School

Bishop's Stortford School, where Cecil Rhodes was educated, has been closed after 350 years. Its famous library was sold to the Bodleian in 1850.

A New Harbour?

The South African Government is surveying Kosi Bay on the north coast of Zululand with a view to erecting a new harbour there for coal from the Transvaal and cotton from Natal.

A ZOO IDEA

Set the Animals Free and Cage the Public

WHITSUN AT WHIPSNADE

"Take you to the Whipsnade Zoo? Certainly not! Why, we might be caught and kept there. I believe they enclose visitors."

We can imagine an Aunt saying that next Whitsuntide when Whipsnade will probably be open. She will remember a speech by Sir Peter Chalmers Mitchell, secretary of the Zoo, in which he said that the zoo of the future would probably be a great park where the animals roamed free and visitors were enclosed in covered ways, so that they could see the beasts living a natural life.

Many animal lovers have thought that certain thoughtless people deserve to have the tables turned upon them; to be shut up in a cage and prodded with umbrellas, for instance, or taught to do circus tricks with the aid of hot irons, or chased by a pack of hounds.

But the Zoological Society does not intend to do anything like that at Whipsnade. The animals will have more freedom there than at Regent's Park, but the enclosed ways will probably only be seen in those great open-air reserves which Sir Peter hopes will one day be scattered all over the Empire, and so save the beautiful and mighty wild things of the world from being killed off by hunters.

It will be quite safe to take Auntie to Whipsnade next Whitsun.

POLAND WILL BE HEARD

A Broadcasting Marvel

What do you know of Poland?

Perhaps very little compared with what is known about some of the countries that are in the news every day.

But some time next year the voice of Poland will be heard through Europe, and even farther afield, for she is to have Europe's most powerful broadcasting station.

By international agreement no greater power than 160 kilowatts may be used for broadcasting, and the new Polish station is approaching very close to this with 158 kilowatts. This is six times the power used by 5 XX at Daventry, a long-wave station which can be heard on valve sets within a radius of hundreds of miles.

Some of the valves used in the new set are the biggest made for broadcasting in Europe and cost about £500.

The equipment for this wonderful station has been made at Marconi's Chelmsford works, and will soon be installed at Rasin, a few miles outside Warsaw, where two great masts 600 feet high are being erected to carry the aerial. The wave-length of the station is to be 1,411 metres.

THE BELL AND THE BALL

Once in the C.N. we described the game of cricket so wonderfully played by the boys of the National Institute of the Blind.

They bat and bowl and field so cleverly that at a distance an onlooker hardly realises that all is done by the sense of hearing alone, aided by a previous knowledge of where the wickets are. They hear the ball coming.

A new kind of ball has been made which will make the game easier and more amusing for them.

In the middle of the ball is a bell, and in the ball's rubber covering a number of holes are punched so that, as the ball bumps along the ground or flies through the air, the bell's sound can be heard.

The blind boys are marvellously apt at detecting the movement of the ball from these sounds, and it has only one defect. When the ball stops the bell stops. If only it went on ringing after it had come to earth it would be perfect.

A LITTLE FRIEND COMES TO SEE US

HOW WE RECEIVED HIM

Sad Story of a Stranger in
the Gates

AN IGNORANT FELLOW'S WAY

A certain visitor came to England the other day who was the first of his kind to do so for over a hundred years.

He was an interesting fellow, and there were possibilities that after having made an inspection of our island home he would have decided to take up permanent residence among us. That would have been all to the good.

In his wanderings, however, he was unlucky enough to come near a place where one of those men with remarkable ideas of hospitality to strangers live. This man saw our visitor, thought (as we all should have done) that he was interesting, and then (as we should all certainly not have done) decided to foil his intentions of founding a family within our gates by laying hands on him and ending his useful career. We wonder how that man would have felt had the circumstances been reversed.

Would he have approved the same conception of hospitality to the stranger within the gates?

The Pink Hawk Moth

Our distinguished visitor was a fine specimen of the pink hawk moth. He was two inches long and had a wonderful wingspread of four and a half inches. Authorities on moths declare that he has been absent from our shores since the early days of last century; and one need hardly be surprised when he meets this unsympathetic treatment in this country. Today he frequents the pine forests of Germany.

This mania for collecting any rare living thing is far too prevalent among civilised peoples. No doubt the man who captured this specimen will think himself in some way glorious, for the number of people in the British Isles who can say that they have caught a pink hawk moth must be extremely small. They are an exclusive company. But so are all destroyers of life, and it seems to us that there is something of the same quality common to both kinds of exclusiveness which no ordinary citizen would wish to acquire.

But for some ignorant fellow we might have seen the pink hawk moth ourselves, and many others with us, to the general advantage of us all.

THE POST OFFICE A MILLIONAIRE Its Mighty Income

Everybody is willing to throw a stone at the Post Office, but when, as in the past year, it can show a profit of £9,000,000, we are reminded of the Chinese proverb that stones are only thrown at trees which bear fruit.

The Post Office can also plume itself on the uniform development of its telephones, which have expanded steadily every year, regularly and continuously, without over-production or waste, till now they are growing in number faster than in any country except Australia.

Criticism is the tonic which keeps the Post Office from going to sleep, as the Postmaster-General admits. We have our own little criticisms to make from time to time, as when we wonder why it seems to take between two and three days to get a letter from a village in Cornwall to a village in Kent; but let us pay tribute to one of our own best institutions when praise is deserved, and let us add that its expansion has been achieved without any of the slumps and booms and crises which have been common to, let us say, the newspaper industries, in which we hear much talk about the unsatisfactory ways of the public services.

AN ELUSIVE WORLD EARLY MORNING GLIMPSE OF MERCURY

If Our World Changed Places
With Him

EXTREMES OF HEAT AND COLD

By the C.N. Astronomer

By the end of next week Venus will be at her brightest.

She may be seen low in the south-west for about three-quarters of an hour after sunset, but a clear view down to the horizon is necessary, for unfortunately Venus is very far south and sets about six o'clock.

The elusive world of Mercury may now be observed in the morning sky, as he rises between 4.30 and 5 o'clock. There, low down and almost due east, he should be found if there is an absence of cloud or morning mist. The earlier he is looked for the better, on account of the rising dawn which dims his lustre.

Beyond the Sun

The Sun rises between a quarter and half-past six o'clock, so the time for observation will be short; about five o'clock is the best time to seek this fleeting world, which will soon be gone from our view. At present Mercury is about 110 million miles away and rapidly receding from us to that part of his orbit which is some 40 million miles beyond the Sun.

There is a strange fascination in getting a glimpse of this little world, which is only about 3100 miles in diameter.

From what is known about Mercury it would appear that his climatic conditions would be frightful to endure. Imagine our world in Mercury's place and the Earth's rotation having slowed down so much through the Sun's tidal pull that the Earth had ceased to turn at all so far as the Sun was concerned.

A World With No Night

She would then always have the same side of her sphere toward the Sun as Mercury has now; consequently the Sun would remain permanently fixed for ever in the heavens, which, at the varying distance of from 28,550,000 to 43,350,000 miles, would appear as a colossal furnace.

Think of such a Sun ceaselessly pouring down his rays on, let us say, the Eastern Hemisphere of our world; then Europe, Asia, Africa, and Australia would have no night to give temporary relief, and there would be no welcome clouds to screen the burning surface, which would be far too hot to touch—in fact, over 300 degrees Centigrade.

Water, of course, could not exist, for the seas would have all boiled away, and only a blackened, burned-up, and deeply-cracked surface would remain of the beautiful and varied Eastern Hemisphere which we admire so much.

America Under Ice

But what of the Western Hemisphere? The Americas would be doomed to everlasting night, and a night so frigid that the entire Pacific Ocean would have become permanently frozen over to considerable depths. The whole of the waters of the Earth would have become piled up in colossal mountains of ice and snow, and a glacial covering, probably miles in depth, would have completely buried North and South America.

There would, however, be a region some three or four hundred miles wide encircling our world, approximately from north to south, where the Sun would alternately rise and set at intervals of about 44 days. There the Sun would remain above the horizon for periods varying from a few hours or less to as much as 44 days, according to position. The British Islands and Western Europe together with New Zealand might come within this favoured area, for there only would it be possible for some remnants of life to exist if our world were ever situated as Mercury is. G. F. M.

C. L. N. Girdling the World

Number of Members—18,671

The annihilation of distance is the greatest promoter of civilisation in the world. One of our latest recruits comes from Isfahan (or Ispahan) in Persia.

In olden times this was a very famous city, but it fell on evil times, and decayed to a shadow of its former greatness. Now it has grown great again, for coal, copper, and iron are mined there. But the tragedy of Persia is lack of roads and railways. Slow and costly journeys are still made by camel, donkey, and mule caravan.

The result is that only the most valuable things can be sent abroad. Persia, besides its carpets, is noted chiefly for opium, the terrible and dangerous substance with which some people poison themselves. That a country with such a great history and such great resources should be known to the outer world chiefly for this one thing is tragically wrong, but great developments are taking place. New roads and railways are being built. Aeroplane routes are in operation, and the country is being slowly opened up.

Profitable Friendliness

To bring this about a great deal of help is necessary from outside. Other nations have to bring their knowledge and their skill to the aid of Persia. Such friendliness pays. It is our task to bind the nations of the world so firmly together by bonds of friendly cooperation that they will never want to fight one another.

The Children's League of Nations is already girdling the world. Our members are to be found in almost every country in all the five continents. But these bonds of amity, encircling the globe, must yet be made stronger. Have you done all that you can by joining?

How to Join the League

All letters should be addressed:
Children's League of Nations,
15, Grosvenor Crescent, London, S.W.1.
No letters should be sent to the C.N. office.

With each application for membership should be sent sixpence in stamps for the card and badge. Please give your name and address, birthday and year, and the name of your school.

C.N. QUESTION BOX

Questions must be asked on postcards: one question on each card, with name and address.

Why is the Mace Only to be Touched by Authorised Hands?

Because it is a symbol of authority in the House of Commons, and its proper use is hedged about by rules like other ceremonial, such as the handling of the Crown at a Coronation.

Can We Tell the Age of a Tortoise?

The age of tortoises can be told by the number of concentric rings of growth on the shields of the carapace. A fresh ring is formed each year.

What is a Thunderbolt?

There is no such thing as a thunderbolt or solid piece of matter falling in a thunderstorm. The damage one is supposed to do is caused by the electric current of lightning passing from the air to the Earth and damaging anything it meets.

How Should Coins be Cleaned?

They should never be polished up or brightened, but washed with plain soap and tepid water, a soft toothbrush being used to remove any dirt or stain. Having washed the coins they should be dried by being placed in boxwood sawdust, the sawdust afterwards being brushed off with a soft, dry brush. The sawdust may be heated before use.

Why is There No Twilight in Certain Eastern Countries?

The duration of twilight depends on the latitude and the season of the year. Twilight lasts while the Sun is less than 18 degrees below the horizon, so that it is briefer when the Sun meets the horizon in a perpendicular path than in a slanting path. Countries nearer the Equator thus get briefer twilights than those in sub-Arctic latitudes.

DR WU TO THE LEAGUE A GRAIN OF WISDOM FROM CONFUCIUS

The Ideal of 24 Centuries Ago
Still to be Realised

UNITED EUROPE

By Our League Correspondent

Everyone at the League Assembly listens attentively to Dr Wu, the chief delegate from China, because he has proved himself to be a wise man whose words are worth listening to.

This year his speech gave some hint as to the secret of his power, the source from which his clear thinking and wise words come.

He spoke of the idea that Europe should form itself into a union in order to solve its many difficulties, he himself coming from a country which, in its extent, in its population, in the complexity of its problems, has difficulties which match those of the whole continent of Europe.

The Federation of the World

He thinks the union might well be a reasonable arrangement within the framework of the League itself, and he ventured to look into the future and predict the formation of a number of such unions which would in time join to form a still greater union, a *confederation of the world itself*. In this way, he said, we should arrive at the ideal set forth by the great teacher of China, Confucius, 24 centuries ago. Dr Wu then read to the Assembly a passage from the Confucian classics as being possibly helpful to the discussions of the Assembly, and certainly, we think, showing the underlying source of his own inspiration.

When the Great Principle is realised the world will belong to all. The virtuous and the able will be chosen into office. Mutual confidence and friendliness will prevail.

In consequence, not only will everyone love his parents and his children, but the aged will have adequate care, the able-bodied will have occupation, the young will be properly reared. The widowers, the widows, the orphans, the disabled, and the sick will be provided for. Each man will have a wife, each woman a home.

Natural wealth will not be left untouched underground nor will it be exploited for the benefit of individuals. Everyone will work to the best of his ability, but not necessarily for himself. There will be neither intrigue nor conspiracy, neither theft nor treason; one may live with his door open. That is the idea of the Great Community.

After 24 centuries we are still far from it, but Dr Wu says that it is not all so Utopian as one may think. Twenty years ago who would have thought that more than fifty nations would gather in annual congress in Geneva, with a permanent Secretariat?

PENNY WISE

Our old friend Mr W. E. Hurcomb has discovered one of the ways in which the Post Office makes its profits. It charged him for the delivery of a postcard, not as piecemeal, but by time.

Twenty-six years ago, when postcards went for a halfpenny, one of Mr Hurcomb's family sent a postcard from Newquay to London on May 26, 1904. It was delivered on July 14, 1930. For this work of a quarter of a century the Post Office surcharged an extra penny because the postcard was insufficiently stamped.

It seems to us that Mr Hurcomb's remedy is a very simple one. His family invested with the Post Office a halfpenny for a task which should have taken twelve hours. The Post Office is not entitled to the use of the money as long as the work remained undone. Mr Hurcomb should apply for 26 years of interest on the investment.



JOHN is quite right. Quaker Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice are foods, "shot from guns." Crisp, crunchy grains that have had every cell in them exploded, making them easy to digest.

This is how Puffed Rice is made.

The best quality of Rice is placed in sealed cylinders or "guns" made of bronze, which are then revolved for an hour in a specially constructed oven heated to over 550 degrees.

Puffed Wheat is prepared in a similar manner from specially selected wheat.

Each grain of Wheat or Rice contains at least 125 million starch granules. Each of these granules holds in its centre a tiny speck of moisture. As the guns are airtight, this moisture is turned to steam, which creates enormous pressure inside of each granule.

Then, as the guns are suddenly "fired" or unsealed—the steam in each granule explodes—and 125 million explosions blast every starch granule to pieces. The grains are pulled to 8 times their natural size, and every solid, indigestible starch granule is broken up.

Mother—you can give your child the most digestible breakfast food known to science by filling in this coupon.

Buy a packet of Quaker Puffed Rice and hand this coupon completed to your grocer. In exchange he will give you a packet of Puffed Wheat free.

CUT HERE

Take this COUPON to your grocer

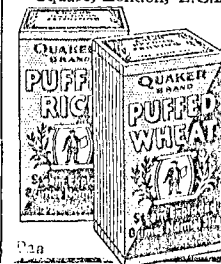
This is to certify that my grocer has given me a full-sized packet of both Quaker Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice for 8d. — the price of a single packet. I have not used a similar coupon before.

Name _____

Address _____

To the Grocer

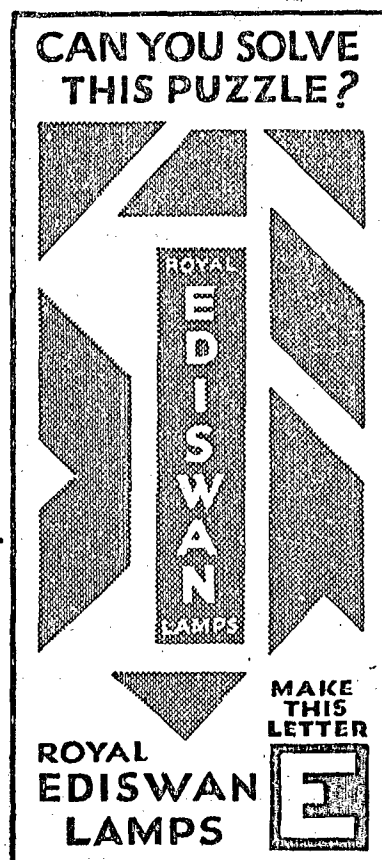
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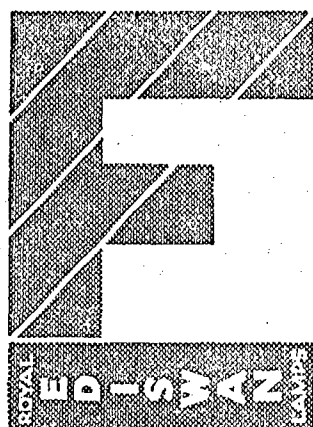
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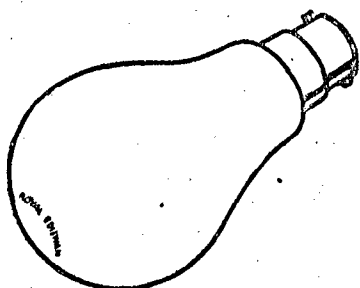
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A TALE OF A SHIRT

The Shepherd Boy Who
Knew What To Do

SAVING A TRAIN

As the express from Lodz to Warsaw
thundered along through the flooded
country near the River Bzura the engine-
driver saw what he thought was a red
flag fluttering ahead.

Why it should be there he could not
make out, but he shut off steam and
applied the brakes, and as the train,
slowing down, drew up to the waving
signal he perceived that it was not a
flag at all, but a red shirt furiously
waved by a bare-shouldered boy.

This amateur signaller was a shepherd
lad who had noticed that the drenching
rains of the night before had brought
the waters above the level of the line
and had washed away part of it.

When he saw the train in the distance
he was sharp enough to see that if it
ran into the damaged portion of the
line there must be an accident. As quick
as thought he tore off his shirt and,
waving it aloft, ran along the rails
toward the express.

He was in time, and when he had
explained to the engine-driver, and the
driver had passed on the word to the
guard, and the passengers had learned
from the guard why the train had
stopped and who stopped it, the small
shepherd boy received thanks and con-
gratulations which surprised him.

The passengers who owed their lives
to him did not limit their thanks to a
few kind words, but made up a purse
for him; and we should like to think
that a boy with such quickness of
decision has a fine future before him.

A MILL GIRL MAKES UP HER MIND

And Marches On Her Way

Mary Tomlinson has sailed for India
to mend broken bodies and sore hearts.

Mary Tomlinson is the only daughter of
a miner, and went to work early her-
self, first as a mill hand and then at the
pithead of a colliery at Wigan.

She was making a living, but that did
not seem to her to be the only duty
laid upon her. We are in this world to
help one another, she felt, and so at 20
she became a probationer at a Walsall
children's hospital, and later at Ancoats
Hospital, Manchester.

Very soon the authorities felt that
there was an exceptional personality
among them. They found, too, that the
miner's daughter had made good use
of her years at an elementary school.

So Mary Tomlinson went to Bir-
mingham University, where she gradu-
ated, and afterwards she became house
surgeon at the Birmingham Children's
Hospital for six months. Then she
volunteered for work in Madras under
the Methodist Missionary Society, and
now she will be able to treat women and
children and will bring fresh air and sun-
shine into many dark places.

It is a fine thing that a mill girl should
be able to become a doctor, but it is a
finer thing that she should use her hard-
won knowledge to help the humblest
people of India, instead of desiring to
build up a rich practice and a grand
reputation at home.

Dr Tomlinson is 31. We wish her a
long and happy life. May all her dreams
come true.

In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid
in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

| | |
|--------------------------|-------|
| 8 Chippendale chairs | £1417 |
| A silver cup, 1668 | £430 |
| George III silver tray | £159 |
| A Chippendale firescreen | £157 |
| Silver teapot, 1727 | £135 |
| Silver water-jug, 1737 | £120 |
| George II pepper-caster | £101 |

ARLINGTON ROW

The Lovely Cottages
in Bibury

A LITTLE MORE BEAUTY SAFE FOR EVER

Too often we are saddened by hearing
that some beautiful old house has been
demolished in England to be set up
somewhere in America.

Now we hear of something very
different done by an American

Among the loveliest villages in Eng-
land is Bibury in Gloucestershire, and
there some centuries ago someone with
perfect taste built a row of cottages on
the banks of the River Coln, with
Cotswold scenery in the background.
Soon gardens and orchards sprang up
round the new stone cottages and
Arlington Row grew lovelier every year.

But the loveliness of old age brought
also decay. In our day the owner of
Arlington Row has been constantly
troubled by the fact that he could not
afford to keep the cottages in proper
repair for the village folk who live in
them. It would be better, he thought,
to sell them to someone who could keep
them in good condition. So he offered
them to the Royal Society of Arts for a
small sum.

Homes of Their Forefathers

So beautiful is the Row that the
Society decided to buy, but first it had
to face the same difficulty as the former
landlord. The labourers who lived in
these ancient homes paid only tiny
rents. How was the Society to find
money for repairs and maintenance?

It was an American who came
forward with a cheque for £500, not to
take the cottages away, but to keep
them in England. The fund he started
rose to £2000, and Arlington Row is now
safe for ever. There will always be
money to keep it in repair.

The other day the deeds of the
cottages were handed over as a trust
to the Bristol Archaeological Society
by the Royal Society of Arts, while a
happy crowd looked on, and the village
people rejoiced that no rich man could
ever turn the homes of their forefathers
into week-end bungalows or ship them
across the Atlantic.

The cottages remain as memorials,
memorials of the men who built so well
centuries ago and of the labouring folk
who have lived and loved in them, and
grown up and grown down in them, and
ploughed England, and hedged her, and
made the gardens round Arlington Row
lovely every springtime. But the
cottages are also memorials to two
generous men of today—an Englishman
and an American.

WHEN A BULL CREEPS UP BEHIND YOU

Do Nothing and Let It Go

An amusing bull story (not a cock and
bull story) is told by Mr W. Hutcheon
concerning Mr Fred Martin, the blind
man who was once M.P. for East
Aberdeenshire.

Mr Martin loved to fish for trout near
his northern home, and one day he took
Mr Hutcheon with him. They had with
difficulty got across a ditch and over a
barbed-wire fence when Mr Hutcheon
saw a scowling bull by the stream, and
said so.

Mr Martin could hardly believe his
friend's eyes. Surely there could not be
a bull! Bulls were never kept there.

But it was a bull, and a sulky dog-in-
the-manger bull.

So they got over the wire fence and
ditch again with some difficulty.

And then the blind man said thought-
fully: "Now that would explain that
deep breathing on the back of my neck
as I fished in that part of the stream last
week."

MORAL. When a bull breathes on your
neck, do nothing.

A DECENT HOME FOR AUNT SALLY

ARCHITECTS and those who wish they were architects have something to think about, and the public has something to hope for.

A set of prizes is offered by the Association of Architects and Surveyors for designs of a model petrol pump and service station.

Now we may have Aunt Sally decently dressed at last.

It is a very handsome competition indeed. Professional architects are offered prizes of 50, 20, and 10 guineas for the best designs, and those who wish they were architects, and are called laymen, are offered one prize of 10 guineas and two of five for the best suggestions of a design, which they may send with or without sketches.

Conditions and Cost

The Association offers liberal conditions. The station may be built of brick, stone, or concrete, planned in any style or colour the designer likes; but the design must provide for seven petrol pumps and oil service. He must arrange room for six cars to come in off the highway and be protected from the weather. He must provide for a repair shop, a garage, and space for damaged cars waiting to be mended; also room for service and odd things needed, office and staff accommodation, and lavatories.

The designer must also show a sign-post pointing to the station, and he is not to spend more than £3000.

In most architectural competitions there is some tradition to be remembered, some earlier school to note. That is why it is so hard to build a really good modern church. The architect is hampered by tradition all the time.

But in the case of petrol stations the designer has the world at his feet. There is no tradition; all the designer has to do is to note the awful warning

of the existing pumps, shouting in glaring reds and yellows, in ugly shapes which slash into the quiet beauty of the countryside. These reds and yellows are all very well, and sometimes beautiful, in a hot country where the Sun bleaches all natural colours into a creamy-grey, glittering expanse, but they are terrible against the soft dewy green of our fields.

We hope the designers of the new petrol pumps will understand that there is no longer any need to shout in that way, for two reasons. One is that the driver, when wanting petrol, is anxious to see the station. He looks for it. Another is that the driver of today has his vision trained to an uncanny sharpness.

One driver we know can see an S upside down. If, therefore, the driver sees little things he is not looking for, how much more will he see a sign he is anxiously awaiting, with his tank running low, and knowing what a mess his engine will be in if she runs drop-dry.

What is Needed

It is the shape of this new service that matters more than the colour, and the background more than either. The petrol station should not be something planted like an ungainly growth on the roadside. It should be in an enclosure with a good half-surrounding wall which prevents the eye from mixing up features of the station with the cottage across the pasture.

The essential in any architectural design is that it should combine comeliness and usefulness. We have the Roman aqueducts as a classical example, and in our own day, to go from big to little, we have the really charming telephone booths standing in our streets and squares. Let the designers of our petrol stations do as well and they will earn the gratitude of all our people.

JACKO SAYS HE'S SORRY

JACKO was quite pleased to hear that an uncle from China was coming to pay the Family a visit.

Jacko liked visitors. Visitors meant presents, to say nothing of the tips that they left behind them.

"Uncle George," said his mother, reading from her letter, "hopes to be with us tonight."

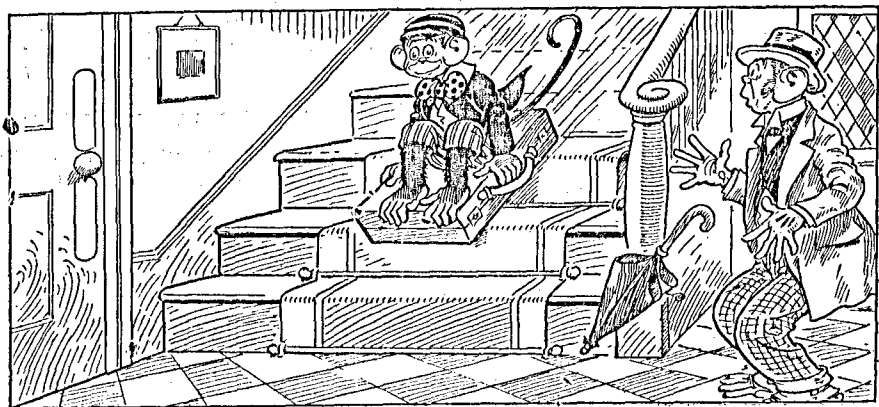
Jacko had never heard of Uncle George—at least so he said.

"Oh yes you have, dear," said his mother; "you have forgotten. And I don't wonder," she added, "for it's years and years since he was in England."

"He's retiring," put in Father Jacko.

He was a jolly-looking man with a breezy voice; Jacko got on splendidly with him, especially when he began telling tales of his adventures. And when Uncle George turned to him and said, "I have something upstairs that will interest you, young man," Jacko pricked up his ears. "Presents," he thought; and presently he slipped upstairs to his uncle's room. "I guess they're in here," he exclaimed, pouncing on a small suitcase.

"Coo! how it rattles," he murmured as he ran out on to the landing; and, bumping it down on the top stair, he sat on it and slid to the bottom.



He sat on it and slid to the bottom

"Coming home to settle down."

"England's the place to live in," declared Mother Jacko. "There's no country in the world to beat it."

"I've always fancied America," said Jacko. "I mean the part where the cowboys live. See life there."

"You'll see life here," promised his father, "if you don't get off to school."

Jacko grinned and made himself scarce. And when he got home again the visitor had arrived.

But Uncle George, who had been watching below, arrived there first.

"What are you doing?" he cried in an agonised voice. "My beautiful china! It will be smashed to atoms!"

It was—a good bit of it. For Uncle George was something of a collector, and the precious case contained some of his most cherished possessions.

"I'm sorry," murmured Jacko. And soon he was sorrier still—his father saw to that.

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THE GREEN DOOR

Serial Story by
John Halden

What Has Happened Before

Anthony Richardson, travelling up to London at the end of the school term, finds himself facing a pretty girl named Felicity and her uncle, Mr Josiah Cartwright.

Felicity is in trouble and, unknown to her uncle, appeals to Anthony to help her. The trouble is concerned with the will of an old friend and his disinherited nephew, Edgar Speers.

Tony, shadowing Mr Cartwright (who has gone to Limehouse to recover a stolen cup) sees him enter a house. Shortly after comes a cry for help.

CHAPTER 5

The Silk Handkerchief

ANTHONY wasted no time in knocking at the green door of the sinister house in Dead Cat Alley.

At his feet lay the fragments of glass that had fallen from the upper window, and there still quivered in the air the echo of the agonised cry of "Help!" that had brought him running. If he knocked he would only give warning to the inmates that the cry had been heard.

Therefore he quietly tried the door. It was, as he had expected, locked. The blinds were drawn behind each of the windows on either side of the door. These windows were so low that he could easily step on their sills.

"Naturally they'll be locked," he muttered to himself as he tried them. They were locked, and Tony looked to see if there were a way round to the back of the house. But the houses on each side were close against it. As he hesitated a sound from inside the house made him start. It was again the cry of "Help!" but muffled this time, and half strangled, as though someone were fighting desperately.

Tony set his teeth.

"Nothing for it but to break one of these windows," he decided, and, wrapping his cloth cap round his fist, he broke through the upper pane just above the catch. Still the window would not open although he had turned the catch. Carefully Tony explored the sash and found it had been nailed down. He discovered something else. Behind the glass were vertical iron bars, like those on the windows of prisons.

"That settles it," he muttered; "there's something very queer about this house."

Tony quickly measured with his eye the possibilities of climbing to the upper window and discovered that it could be managed. Clinging to the precarious edge of the window he stepped from the sill to the sash, from the sash to the top, and from there managed to swing himself to the sill of the window which Felicity's uncle had broken in his struggle with his captors.

While he got his breath Tony strained to see inside the room. It was pitchy dark and apparently empty. Not a sound broke the stillness. Yet the broken glass above Tony's head remained as witness that someone fighting desperately had been there not long ago. Perhaps they were crouching in the corner waiting for him to enter! For a moment Tony wished, in spite of his promise to Felicity, that he had brought a policeman with him. Then the thought of the old gentleman lying perhaps bound and gagged in that same corner stiffened Tony's resolution. He reached through the broken glass, found that this window was not barred, turned the catch, pushed up the sash and entered the room.

The room smelled musty and unused. Luckily Tony had put his electric torch in his pocket before leaving the hotel. Standing warily against the window, he took it out and flashed it from side to side. Nothing there; the scurry of a rat behind the wainscoting, a few bits of dirty newspaper on the dusty boards of the floor, a few scraps of paper sticking to the ugly wooden walls. As his flashlight illuminated these Tony thought: "It must be a pretty old house to have wooden walls instead of plaster"; but his attention was drawn away from this for the moment by something else his flashlight showed him. In the dust of the floor were confused footprints, and these led all one way. The queer thing about it, Tony thought as he examined them, was that they led, not to the door as one would have expected, but to the blank wall!

There was a door on his left. Tony tried it and found it locked. Before attempting to break it down, however, he meant to have another look at those footprints, and the wall to which they led, for, queerly enough, there were no footprints about the door except those he himself had made, and some with square toes which he was certain had been made by Mr Cartwright.

Flashing his light over the walls and floor Tony considered.

"From the look of things the old gentleman came in through that door alone, and it was locked behind him. Then, as he stood there, apparently two men materialised from the wall opposite, walked across to him, seized him, and dragged him—here's the long, dragging mark of his boots—toward the wall. He managed to break away for a moment and got to the window—here's the mark of his square-toed shoes mixed up with theirs at the window—broke it and called for help before they could drag him back again. Plucky, I'll say."

So far, so good. But, as Tony admitted, to himself ruefully, assassins seldom materialise out of a solid wall. Except for that window and the locked door there was apparently no way into the room. The dust-marks showed that the men had not approached the door, and they could not have got out of the window, which had been in Tony's sight ever since the cry for help.

A secret passage through the wall! As the thought came into his mind Tony greeted it without enthusiasm.

"That's all very well," he told himself, "but this is not a medieval castle. It's an ordinary, ugly little house in a slum district." Tony pulled himself up. An ugly little house, yes. But ordinary? What about those barred windows downstairs?

During his cogitations Tony had not been standing idle. His ears strained for any sound from outside, he had been flashing his torch over every foot of the floor, examining the bits of old newspaper, the very cracks in the wall. Suddenly the light showed a minute edge of white behind the wainscoting. Tony pounced on it. It seemed to be an edge of silk, far too white and fresh to have been there long. He pulled. It came an inch and then caught, but that was enough for Tony. Instantly his mind flashed back to a moment in the train when Mr Cartwright had polished his glasses with just such a white silk handkerchief. What was it doing behind this wainscoting?

"The jolly old secret passage!" decided Tony and at once began tapping the boards. To his disappointment, no hollow sound resulted.

He tugged at the handkerchief, but could not budge it. The wainscoting also seemed immovable. He reached in his pocket for his Scout knife, and was furious to find that he had apparently left it behind at the hotel.

"Well, this job needs something more than fingers and a flashlight," he decided, certain now that he had to do with a secret passage behind the wall. He took a careful sight of the position of the handkerchief, so that he would know if anyone tampered with the wall in his absence, and then hastily left the house by the way he had come, and ran through the deserted alley toward the main street.

CHAPTER 6

The Sliding Door

ANTHONY remembered that as he had turned into Dead Cat Alley on the track of Felicity's uncle he had passed a small railed-in patch where the main street was being repaired. This was his objective now, for he hoped somehow to borrow the tools he needed if he was to get through the wall of that sinister room.

The red glow of an iron pail filled with coals guided him. A pair of legs stuck out of a little shelter beside it. Tony fingered one of the precious ten-shilling notes in his pocket as he approached, for he saw on a heap of tarry wood blocks a pick. Could he possibly persuade the night watchman to let him borrow that?

"I beg your pardon," he said politely to the legs.

They jerked, and a tousled head appeared from the shelter. "What's up?" said a voice. Tony felt extremely embarrassed.

"I w-wondered if you would mind just lending me your pick for a minute," he stammered. "I'd be very glad to make it worth your while."

The man looked at him with derision.

"Yes, I dare say you would," he remarked. "Come out without your skeleton keys?"

Tony laughed nervously. "I don't blame you for thinking it a bit queer," he admitted, "but I'm not a burglar. I just need your pick for a few minutes." He held out the ten-shilling note.

The man favoured him with a long stare up and down. "Beginning a bit young, aren't you?" he suggested, making no move toward the money.

Tony glanced desperately at the pick, wondering if he ought to pretend to go away

and then return and try to sneak it. But he could not afford to delay.

He was roused from his perplexity by a new voice, a pleasant, friendly voice with a slight drawl in it. Half hidden by a tarpaulin on the other side of the fire bucket was another man whom Tony had not noticed. He also had been scrutinising Tony and had come to a different conclusion from that of the night watchman.

"Do you know," he remarked easily as he rose, "I think I'd let the boy have it, if I were you, Mr Johnston."

"What!" exclaimed the other, "hand over the city's property to someone as can't account for himself? No fear!"

"I've an idea he won't let you down," said the stranger, looking keenly at Tony. "If he'd been a wrong 'un he'd have accounted for himself only too well. He'd have had his tale ready, you see. I imagine he's up to something unusual but not dishonest."

Tony stared at the other. He could see little of his face between the turned-up collar and pulled-down hat, but that little looked pale and thin and very weary. Tony liked his voice.

"I'm Anthony Richardson," he said; "would you mind telling me who you are?"

The other smiled. "Only one of the bedless unemployed," he returned, "whom Mr Johnston here has been good enough to allow to warm himself beside his fire bucket. Don't let him down, Anthony; will you? He's one of the best."

To Tony's surprise the stranger went over and took the pick from where it lay. The night watchman muttered undecidedly and eyed the ten-shilling note. "Well, if you think it's all right," he agreed at last.

"I think it's all right," said the stranger confidently, and handed the pick to Anthony. "Here you are, and good luck. I suppose you don't want any help?"

Tony shook his head. "Thanks very much," he said fervently. "You're a sportsman, and you, too, Mr Johnston. It will be all right." Tony hesitated as a thought came to him. Suppose he were to be captured and so unable to return the pick? The night watchman would be blamed. The man on the other side of the fire bucket seemed to read his trouble and came nearer. Tony felt he could be trusted.

"I say," he confided in a low voice, "I can't tell you what I'm doing but I don't want to get this man into trouble if I fail. I'm going into a house in Dead Cat Alley. If I'm not back with the pick in an hour or so I'll have left it there. Do you think you could—"

"Rather!" returned the other, grasping his meaning at once. "Look here, are you sure you don't want a companion on this little jaunt of yours?"

"As a matter of fact, I'd like one," admitted Tony frankly. "But it's not really my affair."

"Oh, quite!" agreed the other instantly. "Anyway, I'll be hereabouts for some hours yet. Sing out if you change your mind."

Tony went on, feeling immensely heartened, but he was troubled to think how long a time had already passed since Felicity's uncle had been dragged through that mysterious wall. What must Felicity herself be thinking? He climbed through the window again into the silent house where nothing had apparently moved since he had left it. A wrench with the pick, and the wainscoting and cleverly-fitted boards of the wall came away. Behind it was what he had feared—a sliding steel door set in brickwork.

Tony looked at the steel panel in despair for it could not be opened with a pick, and if he failed to find its hidden mechanism all his work would have gone for nothing. It had no keyhole, no raised knobs that one might press; but suddenly, as his fingers explored it in the inadequate light of his electric torch, he came upon a metal catch in the brickwork, and the door slid back.

Behind it was a brilliantly-lighted empty room with three doors, one facing him, the other two at his left and right. Cautiously Tony tried the one on his right. It was locked. He ran across to the one facing it. That also was locked. As he tried it, however, he became aware of an infinitesimal noise behind him.

A startled glance over his shoulder showed Tony that the third door had been pushed open, and a man stood there, holding a black scarf against his face to mask it. The other hand was reaching toward a push-button in the wall. Tony supposed he was going to put out the light, and measured the distance for a leap at him.

What actually happened was entirely unexpected. The floor gave way under Tony's feet, and he shot down into blackness.

TO BE CONTINUED



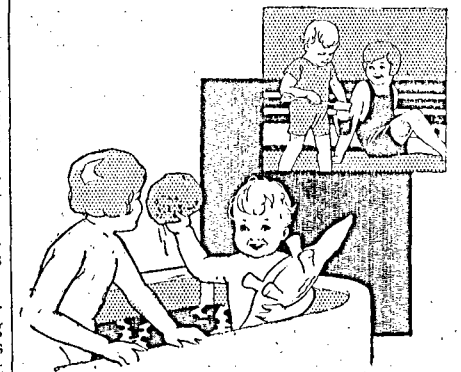
Is your child often poorly?

Suspect irregularity and Liver

Nine times out of ten when a child is out-of-sorts, the liver is sluggish, and the system is clogged with fermented waste and poisons. How can a child be well? The only remedy needed is "California Syrup of Figs." A dose soon moves the system, tones up the liver, sweetens the stomach and makes the little sufferer bright and well again.

"California Syrup of Figs" banishes biliousness and irregularity, regulates the system and ensures pure blood, clear complexion, joyous spirits, a keen brain, healthy appetite, and aids sturdy growth.

Ask your chemist for "California Syrup of Figs," 1/3 and 2/6 a bottle (full directions on label). Emphasise "California," and no mistake will be made.



THE KIDDIES GO PADDLING TO-DAY-UP IN THE BATHROOM

It's "paddling day" for the kiddies—up in the bathroom with Tidman's. They're splashing about in real sea water, and you can trust their young minds to make it "a real sea," with the tide rolling up the beach. Tidman's is so invigorating, so energising, so good for growing limbs, and those adult limbs that won't grow any more. Strengthening, too, and refreshing—a positive relief for burning feet, rheumatism, and stiffness. Try a course of real sea baths with Tidman's—it's nearly as enjoyable as going to the coast.

TIDMAN'S SEA SALT

From Chemists and Stores.

In Cartons 1/-, 1/9 & 3/-

TIDMAN & SON, LIMITED,

63, Basinghall Street,
London, E.C.2

The APEX INFLATOR CO., LTD., Aldridge Road, Perry Barr, Birmingham.

The Children's Newspaper will be delivered every week at any house in the world for 11s a year. See below.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

October 11, 1930

Every Thursday, 2d

Arthur Mee's Monthly, My Magazine, will be delivered anywhere in the world for 14s 6d a year (Canada 14s).

THE BRAN TUB

Spelling and Arithmetic

I AM a word of four letters. My last is but half of my first. My third is but a tenth of my last. My third divided by fifty will give my second. What am I?
Answer next week.

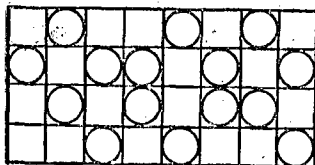
Michaelmas Daisies

THE Michaelmas daisies that are making such a splendid show in our gardens are really asters, and their name is starwort. The popular name refers to the time when they are usually at their best, the feast of St Michael being September 29. The starry flowers can be grown in great abundance with very little trouble. The commonest colour is mauve.

Squares and Circles

PLACE vowels in the circles and consonants in the squares so that when the eight vertical words have been found correctly from the definitions given the first and third horizontal lines spell the names of two famous soldiers.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8



1. Suspend. 2. Expression of regret. 3. Part of the neck. 4. Midday. 5. Island. 6. Part of verb to be. 7. Speck. 8. Country road.
Answer next week.

Where It Comes From

Alabaster. The lustrous white stone which was much used for ornament during the nineteenth century is a sulphate of lime. In England there are deposits in Derby and Staffordshire, and a very fine variety is found in Tuscany.

It should not be confused with the alabaster of the Bible, which is a kind of marble.

Buried Words

IN each of the following sentences is hidden the name of an object that can be seen in any school. Can you find them?

The repairs had been made skilfully.

You have pumped too much air in the tyre.

He is the kind of man who will, do or die.

With this car petrol consumption is very low.

There is not a blemish on his character.

The Prime Minister is now in Downing Street.
Answer next week.

Waves

RECENT storms have provided impressive spectacles of waves breaking with terrific force on the coast.

The pressure of such waves was tested in Scotland some years ago, and it was found that they strike the cliffs with a force of three tons to the square foot.

Ici On Parle Français



La caverne Le canari Le cigare

Voici une caverne préhistorique. La voix du canari nous enchante. La cendre du cigare est très fine.

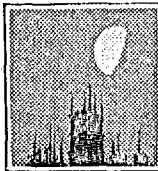
A Simple Problem

A LADY was in London on a shopping expedition, and after making a number of purchases she thought she would buy Christmas presents for her nieces and nephews, for she was unlikely to be in town again this year. Her intention was to pay five shillings for each present, but on counting her money she found that she was four shillings short of the required sum. So she decided to pay four shillings and sixpence for each. This left her with just two shillings.

How much money did the lady have before buying the Christmas presents, and how many nieces and nephews were there?
Answer next week.

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the morning the planets Jupiter and Mars are in the South and Mercury is in the East. In the evening Venus and Saturn are in the South-West, Uranus is in the South-East, and Jupiter and Mars are in the East. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen looking South at 8 a.m. on Wednesday, October 15.



Is Your Name Ring?

THIS name is from the ornament worn on the finger or elsewhere, and no doubt the ancestor of the people named Ring was notable for some ring which he wore. The word became attached to him as a description, thus John with the Ring, and finally he was called John Ring, the name descending as a surname to our day.

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

The School Badge Puzzle
Seventeen at 41d each.

What Am I? Elephant

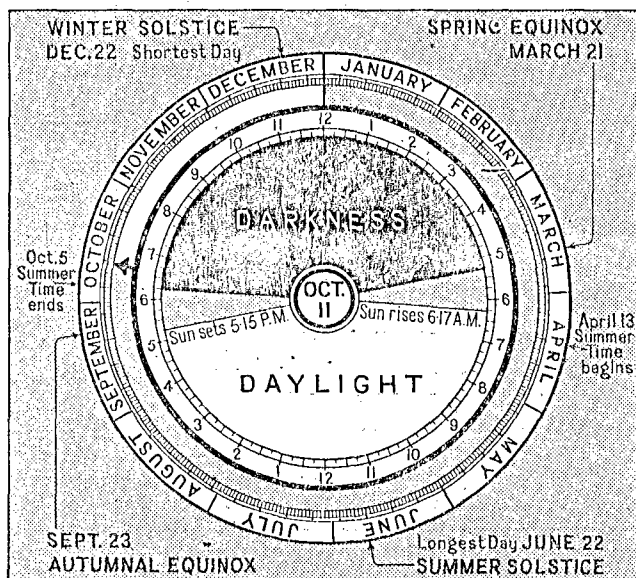
Think About This

Not one, because mules cannot speak.

The C.N. Cross Word Puzzle

PROOF SPEECHES
IN PORTENTOUS ISLE
TWO SCARECROWDS
AUNT CAROL SLEEPS
INDEED US ASKS
REVEREND FAERY EMP
ONCE NOT DATED DE
NTRAPPER DOZEN

The C.N. Calendar



THIS calendar shows daylight, twilight, and darkness on October 11. The arrow indicating the date shows at a glance how much of the year has elapsed.

DI MERRYMAN

A Terrible Accident

FIVE-YEAR-OLD Joan suddenly shrieked at dinner-time.

"What is the matter, darling?" asked Mother.

Between her sobs Joan stammered: "My silly old teeth have trodden on my tongue!"

The Bitters Bit?

THE angler had been sitting by the lakeside for hours.

"Are the fish biting today?" asked a passer-by.

"If they are they are biting each other," was the rather disconsolate reply.

A Zooriosity



The Squirrelphant

THIS little fellow seems to be at home and happy up a tree. He's badly built for climbing, but Aloft you'll find him—with a nut!

Next to Nothing

HE was not satisfied with his purchase and he told the horse-dealer so.

"You told me this horse shies at nothing; why, it is afraid of its own shadow."

"Well," replied the dealer, "Isn't a shadow about as near to nothing as anything you know?"

And He Went

A CONCEITED youth who was not too conscientious about his work had the temerity to ask his chief for an increase of salary.

"Hm!" commented the big man. "And what are you doing now?"

"Various odd jobs, sir," was the reply.

"Odd jobs?" queried the chief, who knew the lad's true worth. "Then you'd better make a bolt for the door!"

The Man Who Pays

MR NEWRICH met his friend Mr Social-Climber.

"The papers didn't give a very big account of your daughter's wedding," said Mr Newrich.

"No," said Mr Social-Climber thoughtfully; "the big account was sent to me."

THE SHUT GATES

Theodosius and told him not to dare to approach the altar, for he could not offer the services there in the presence of one whose hands were stained with the blood of thousands.

It is said that when the emperor came at last with his following to demand entrance into this very church he found the great cypress doors closed against him, and in front of them St Ambrose standing, barring the way.

In vain did his minister Rufinus argue with the bishop, and insist that his master had power to force his way in.

"Then he will have to pass over my dead body," said St Ambrose.

The new-born faith overcame the might of Rome.



How do you wake?

Fresh, alert, with a real appetite for breakfast and your daily work? If not add a cup of the 'Allenburys' Diet at 11 a.m. and 10 p.m. to your daily fare. Made from the finest selected whole wheat, rich creamy milk, and an ample proportion of Vitamin D added, it is the ideal tonic beverage. Easily made and easily digested it gradually builds that great possession—a reserve of energy.



Easy to Make. Pleasant to Take.

In Tins at 2/1, 4/- & 7/6

OF ALL CHEMISTS

Send 3d. in stamps for 1 lb. trial sample tin of the 'Allenburys' Diet.

ALLEN & HANBURYS LTD.

37 Lombard Street, London E.C.3.



If You had a Boy like this

YOU WOULD SEE THAT HE HAD ALL THAT WAS NECESSARY TO HEALTH AND HAPPINESS.

The NATIONAL CHILDREN'S HOME has a family of four thousand boys and girls, rescued from destitution.

To cure the cripples, heal the consumptives, conquer "deficiency diseases," and build up a robust childhood, the CHILDREN'S HOME maintains

NINE FULLY EQUIPPED HOSPITALS at a cost of £10,000 a year.

Help is urgently needed from Donors of single amounts (including the CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL HALF-CROWN FUND), and from Annual Subscribers of any amount they may wish to give to this ministry of mercy.

Please! Will You be One of Them?

CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL FUND
NATIONAL CHILDREN'S HOME AND ORPHANAGE
(Founded by Dr. Stephenson).

Principal: Rev. W. HODSON SMITH.

General Treasurers:

RT. HON. LORD WAKEFIELD OF HYTHE, C.B.E., LL.D.; SIR THOMAS BARLOW, BART., M.D., F.R.S.

30 BRANCHES. 4000 CHILDREN.

Chief Offices: Highbury Park, London, N.5.

FIVE-MINUTE STORY

HIDDEN away in a corner of far Milan stands a little church dating back to the middle of the fourth century.

Unlike most churches of its time, it is plain and undecorated on its outside; within it is full of ancient treasure. Two magnificent lion-headed sanctuary rings are on the old doors of cypress wood, which could tell many a story.

As one enters the church a pillar with a snake coiling on its capital is seen, the serpent of Aesculapius, the Pagan emblem of healing; on the pillar facing it is the Christian emblem, the Cross.

Its chief glory, though, is the great altar of pure gold, studded with the gems given by the women of Milan.

Diamonds and rubies surround the heads of the figures there engraved, scenes from the lives of Our Lord and of Milan's patron saint St Ambrose. And it is the kind and saintly influence of St Ambrose that is still to be felt in this church which he built, in spite of the passing of so many centuries.

Ambrose, the son of a Prefect of Gaul, was believed to be destined for great things.

As he grew up his virtues and his wisdom became apparent. He distributed his great wealth among the poor and worked freely with them. Before long he was asked to be Bishop of Milan.

At that time Theodosius the Great, the conqueror of

the Goths, was emperor and all powerful.

Though Theodosius professed Christianity a violent and cruel temper got the better of his faith at times.

The people of Thessalonica, one of his cities, made him angry. One of their favourite charioteers had been punished by the governor, and they attacked him.

Theodosius made a pretence of forgiving them and invited the townsmen into the Circus to see games.

They came gladly, and no sooner were seven thousand people gathered there than they were attacked by armed men and all slain.

When St Ambrose heard of this dreadful deed he wrote to